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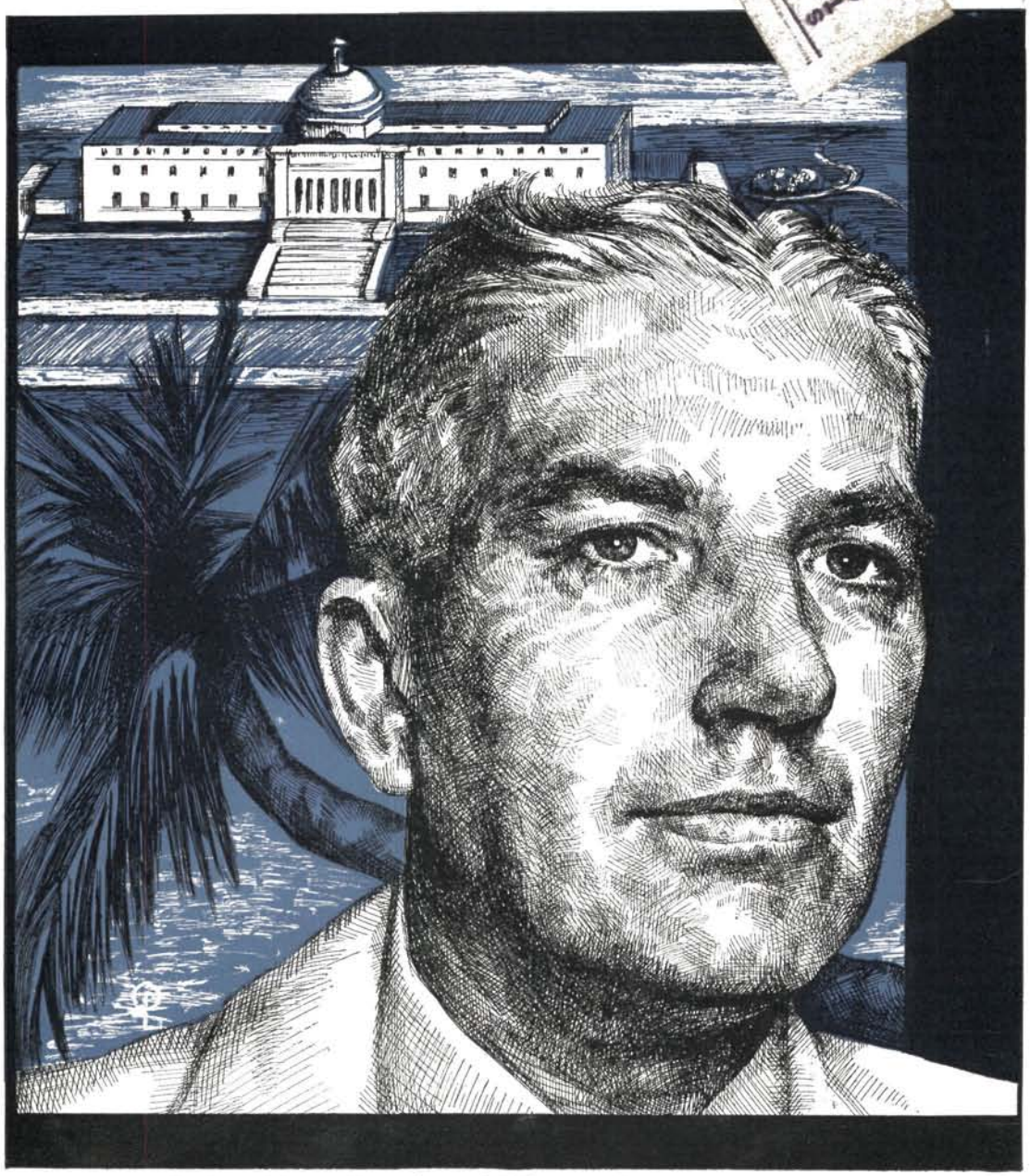

Rexford G. Tugwell, author of "The Stricken Land." *(See page 9)*

Wanted: New Gods

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

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TRADE Winds

YEAR-END MISCELLANY

TEST COUPON ADS for the new "Information Please Almanac," to be distributed by the Garden City Publishing Company in late January, were so successful that available bookkeeping facilities were swamped. Bookstores joined individuals in the stampede to reserve copies. A newsstand in Brooklyn sent a check for five hundred. A Chicago jobber ordered twenty thousand. The total printing of 250,000 probably will be sold out by the time this item appears. . . . Speaking of almanacs, I remember John Powers's agitation the day he discovered that a 1938 "World Book of Facts" had disappeared from his desk. "So what?," I asked. "It's out of date anyhow. This is 1946." "You don't understand," said John. "That 1938 edition is just the proper weight for the girls in our posture class to balance on their heads!" . . . Bob Knittel is resigning as editor of Creative Age Press to sail for London and rejoin his wife, who has achieved a certain fame under her own name—Luise Rainer. . . . Hermann Kesten, author of "Ferdinand and Isabella" (A. A. Wyn), had an appointment for an interview with the book editor of a leading out-of-town newspaper. He found the editor in a picket line marching round and round the paper's headquarters. Kesten, no man to make a trip for nothing, seized a picket sign, joined the procession, and told the editor the story of his life. . . . Ward Morehouse, whose theatrical column is a leading feature of the *New York Sun*, has signed with Whittlesey House for a gossipy, informal history of the Broadway stage for the past fifty years. . . .

That "unpublished" Dumas manuscript, "The Red Sphynx," uncovered several weeks ago in a Paris garret turned out to be a first-class hoax. Just as *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and Simon & Schuster were about to sign contracts for the American publishing rights, an alert student came up with incontrovertible proofs that the manuscript already *had* been published here—in 1868! Then it was called "The Count of Moret, or, Richelieu and His Rivals," and it was brought out in book form by the Philadelphia firm of T. B. Peterson & Bros. In France it was published even earlier—1861 to be precise. The Paris paper that is running it serially today as a "sensational scoop" had not broken the sad news to its readers at the time this column was turned in to the printer. . . . Thyra Samter Winslow has moved into her new Chelsea home. She declares it to be the smallest dwelling in the entire city, and has named it, appropriately enough, "Writer's Cramp." (A Hollywood assistant director has christened *his* new abode "Yes Man-or") . . .

NEW BOOK CLUBS spring into being at the rate of about one a week. Latest entries have rather special appeal to executives, business men, dentists, and the like. Evan Commager suggests one that ought to bring in a million members on its name alone: The Beautiful Women's Book Club. . . . The dreary similarity of a number of recent "sexy" historical novels brings to mind a remark made by Heywood Broun: "Obscenity is such a tiny kingdom that a single tour covers it completely." . . . Alfred Knopf will buy the late Paul Warburg's estate in Hartsdale, twenty miles north of Manhattan, and move his publishing offices there, if he can effect a variation in the present zoning regulations of the area. The property covers five acres; the main building is a rambling stone mansion that the publisher believes would make "the ideal background for the creation of beautiful books."

The one hundredth anniversary issue of *Town and Country* is a notable publishing achievement. Credit Editor Harry Bull. Even the ads are fascinating. . . . Another magazine to treasure in the permanent rack (if only the issues you deposited there didn't curl up after a while!) is the tenth anniversary number of *Life*. . . . Dodd, Mead has just brought out Marco Page's mystery thriller "The Shadowy Third." Page is the pen-name for Harry Kurnitz, the only writer, according to his publishers, who once was offered a job as a *team*. Seems a Hollywood producer craved the services of Marco Page, but, that failing, allowed as how he'd do with Harry Kurnitz. "What I'd really love," he concluded in a hang-the-expense mood, "is to sign up *both* of them." . . . Robert Giroux has been appointed executive editor of Harcourt, Brace. Lambert Davis and John Newsome continue as editors, and Doris Schneider will move wholly into the editorial department. George Bartter is the new head of publicity and advertising. Two of this column's favorite people are Harcourt, Brace executives: Spencer Scott, one of the truly understanding and constructive publishers of America, and May Falk, whose picture will be printed here as soon as *SRL* goes in for color reproduction. . . . Congratulations to the Rutgers University Press for landing the February BOMC plum: "The Lincoln Reader," edited by Paul M. Angle. . . . "If Tom Lamont would like to know what has become of the Hudson River three-stacker *Albany*," writes T. M. Sloane, "she is now known as the *S. S. Potomac* and makes moonlight runs out of Washington every evening in summers. I think the old girl is slightly back-sprung." . . .

THERE SEEMS TO BE some kind of hex hovering over scenario writers attempting to bang out a story line to carry the increasing number of films immortalizing the lives of famous American composers. In the George Gershwin picture that initiated the series, some attempt was made to introduce actual episodes from his life; the Cole Porter ("Night and Day") and Jerome Kern ("Till the Clouds Roll By") sagas, however, are about

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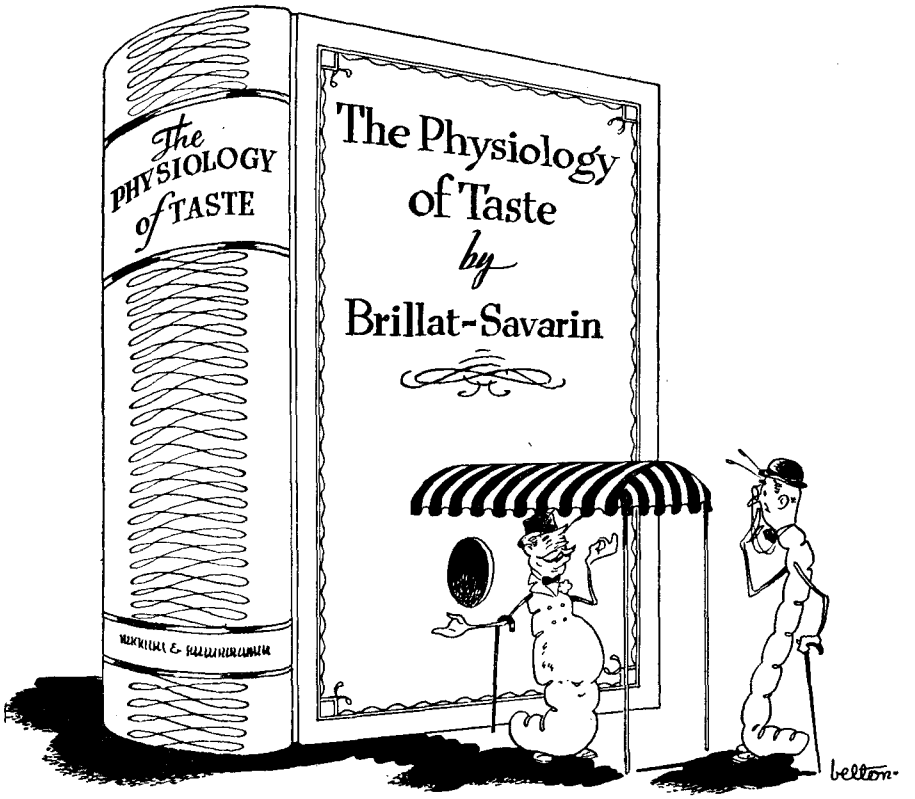

"Don't miss the *scallopine di vitello a la Marsala* on page 234, my boy!"

ninety per cent fictional—and not very intriguing at that. In all three instances, the wealth of wonderful songs at the producers' disposal insured success no matter how dull the stories turned out to be, and the amazing grosses being rolled up all over the country mean there will be more like them in the months to come. When they get around to Irving Berlin and Rodgers and Hart, I for one would like to see the phony stories cut to a minimum, and more of the footage devoted to the songs that inspired the productions in the first place. In "Till the Clouds Roll By," I think nine people out of ten would have voted for less deathbed emoting and trailing of wayward daughters (what kind of detectives could have failed to locate a missing girl who was performing in legitimate theatres and night clubs?)—and more music from "Roberta," "Have a Heart," "Oh Lady Lady," and "Music in the Air." Imagine a Jerome Kern biography that left out "Babes in the Wood," "I Hear Music," and "Same Sort of Boy" altogether, and devoted grudging seconds to "The Siren Song" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"!

Nevertheless, "Till the Clouds Roll By" is a delight to the eye and ear, and to my generation, who spent many a happy Saturday afternoon visiting and revisiting those Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern shows at the Princess, and the more elaborate Kern musicals a little later, it will evoke wondrous memories indeed. MGM reports that when the late Jerry Kern phoned his wife to tell her Robert Walker was going to portray him on the screen, she enthused, "That's fine! Send Robert Walker home, and you stay at the studio!" . . .

The year 1947 marks Doubleday's fiftieth anniversary. A few of its major publications commemorating the fact will include, besides "Lydia Bailey," new books by Tom Costain, Booth Tarkington, Harold Lamb, Maurice Hindus, and Noel Coward. . . . *The Writer* is celebrating an anniversary too—its sixtieth. This lively magazine "for literary workers" is about to publish its thirty-third special book of writing instruction. For details, address 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16. . . .

BLACKSTONE THE MAGICIAN delighted the Philadelphia book trade recently with a special performance of his really superb exhibition of legerdemain. One of his most baffling tricks was the rope release. Although his hands were tied tightly behind his back by Benedict Freud, Maurice Zolotow, and four husky confederates, he released them and secured them again with lightning dexterity. After the show, however, there was some delay before he joined the booksellers for a scheduled snack. It developed that Mr. Blackstone's zipper got caught and he couldn't get off his evening trousers!

Well, my desk drawer looks a lot cleaner! Now may I wish you all a very Happy New Year!

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

JUST last night I sat a few empty stools away from a woman at the bar. She was dressed in mink-dyed, skunk-dyed, martini-dyed ocelot, and perching with her was a dachshund—mellow, tired, and warty. From time to time she nuzzled the small dog with her nose, almost as if she had come to it for sanctuary and comfort in a troubled world. The dog in turn looked out from the battlements of fur protectedly, even wistfearly.

The significance of this woman is that she was about to go back to "The Islands" (Hawaii), and had come way East to New York only to pick up the dog. She said to anyone that she couldn't wait to get back to "The Islands" and that she would never, never, never come back (to New York, or the States, or reality, I think).

But "no man is an island." The company I work for celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary in 1947, and it looks to me like it's here to publish. In the past fifty years it has handled such authors as Kipling, Conrad, Booth Tarkington, Stewart Edward White, Edna Ferber, Stephen Vincent Benét, Maxwell Anderson, Kenneth Roberts, Sinclair Lewis, Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham, Vicki Baum, Ellen Glasgow, Don Marquis, Emily Hahn, Irving Stone, Theodore Dreiser and Kenneth Davis.

And there is promise for the future too, if the present is any testimony. Right now, I'm looking at our winter catalogue which includes books up to March. The list includes such authors as Kenneth Roberts, Tarkington (posthumous), George Millar (already well known), Irving Stone, Harold Lamb, Thomas B. Costain, and a wide variety of books. Some of them I will discuss when it comes near to pub date.

I want to say that I get very few letters about this column and so I have no way of knowing what is wrong with it, or what it doesn't do that it should do, or any gripe that comes into your head. How about it?

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Who writes these pages?

AS the end of each year rolls around, we find ourselves swept up by the spirit of good will in the air. This isn't because of presents, bonuses, or open houses and bottles; it's our own belief that man's decency wells up, and for a short while the desire for peace on earth is honest and pervasive. We go all over sentimental and want to give nice things to nice people.

A great many nice people have written to us saying they like what appears on this page, and it invariably cheers us on. Almost every letter asks who writes the stuff anyway, and we think maybe we ought to tell you.

The answer is not a simple one and it involves giving a bouquet to our advertising agent. The bouquet consists of clear, well-chosen words, dusted with sparkling commas, and making sense. Half the fun of giving presents is watching the receiver, and we'd like to see our ad man's face when he first reads this. We think he'll be pleased that it turns out to be a tribute to him, but there's always the outside chance that he'll pick up the phone and speak harsh words to us. He's one of that privileged minority who seriously like their work, a mild fellow who's never afraid to say what he means. "Why," he'll phone, "why use those hard words when you know easy ones?" He himself knows all the nuances between "difficult verbiage" and "hard words". He uses the latter on us often, and we like him for it because he helps us make these pages readable.

He is, however, only one of a number of people who write these SRL pages. They are probably the most cooperative advertising any company ever published. An ad which sells a service or a name, rather than an article you can buy, is called (unfortunately, we think) an "institutional". But these SRL pages are institutional in a wider sense. Whichever one of us wants to write one, does so. Maybe it's on a new book, like as not on an old one. An experienced Holt hand may do it, or a new editor who's just seen his first book through the mill. It may be an individual inspiration, or the result of a rump parley. Sometimes it's used as written, but it's much more likely to be read by three people and rewritten by one or two of them.

At last it goes to our ad man. Sometimes he sends it right back to us—after the phone call. Sometimes he rewrites parts of it and our ugly duckling becomes more like a swan. Sometimes he gives us the most oddly practical suggestions which we carry out somewhat against our will—and because we trust his judgment as much as our own.

We get letters from you not only about the subject matter of these pages, but about their looks and our active Holt owl who usually heads the page. Because of that, we bow deeply and delightedly in the direction of our other ad man, the first one's partner, whose lively inspiration and brush keep us a happy client.

How can we say then who writes these pages? We all do, and we all want to (it's hard work but very satisfying); and some of us, as is natural, are a great deal more facile than others. That this series comes out more or less of a piece is one-third desire, one-third sweat, and one-third that ad man.

Fifty-two times this year and fifty-two times the year before, some individual at Henry Holt went into the swivet which we all recognize as an SRL page being born. Each of us writers had that small agitation a number of times a year – usually when he wanted to write. But fifty-two times every year our ad man put his mind to our minds and worked with us to pull out something we're proud to print over our owl. Fifty-two times in 1947 we know he and his cohorts will do the same thing, and for that kindness over and above the call of the monthly bill, our ink-stained thanks. We probably won't feel this mellow again till Christmas 1947.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Wanted: New Gods

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

THESE are the days which in terms of rewards for writers may be called the Golden Age of Literature. In terms of mentality it is the age of the college sophomore.

Since 1920 I have been watching the course of American writing. I have seen certain tendencies, begun at that time, grow stronger and stronger, until now they have reached their full, unhappy flower.

The result has been disaster. For artistry we have substituted nonsense or dulness or flippancy; for depth we have substituted formlessness or propaganda or a shallow egotism.

To find a beautiful piece of fiction today is a Herculean labor. A novelist should be a combination of a good reporter and a poet, who can reflect life through his imagination. What we find too often is the flattest of prose and only second-rate reporting. A good novel should be a symphony; instead, what we hear is third-rate boogie-woogie. The casual reader, rebelling against fictional dishonesty, turns to biography; or seeks the mechanical but frank escapism of a crime-catching superman.

It is all perhaps a sign of the times, a symptom of a basic insecurity, where the staggering events of the last three decades have caused men to be without hope, without philosophy. Our standards are blurred, our perceptions blunted. And that dulling, that hardening has been ever increasing. I remember when the photograph of a dead man in a newspaper was considered revolting. Today many a newspaper is delighted to publish the picture of a hanging. The effect of these constantly repeated grisly exhibitions, these sadistic motion pictures, upon the human mind may prove startling.

I have been actively engaged in both World Wars. I have been a part of some highly unpleasant episodes. But I know of nothing which has shocked me so violently as a photograph I saw a few weeks ago in a metropolitan newspaper. A murder had been committed in a West Coast cafe; the dead man still lay sprawled out in the shadow of the bar. Under the headline "Business As Usual," a waitress was carrying cocktails around the body to the customers. Such a photograph is like a landslide which suddenly lays bare the strata that form a mountain, revealing the firm layers of quartz and granite, the feeble layers of sand. Here it exposes a deep flaw in the structure of society—a dangerous streak of degeneration.

In a sense it is the whole system of American publishing which is at fault, editors and authors alike. The public must surely be aware by now that publishing is no longer a mild and pleasant pursuit for quiet-voiced, white-bearded gentlemen. It is a high-pressure industry, like motion pictures or radio. Books are articles to be sold, like meat or cheese or laundry soap. The individual publisher may be likened to the friendly, independent grocer on the corner. The book clubs are the large impersonal chain stores, the literary A & P. With a quote from the *Troy Times*, a book club sale, and a huge advertising appropriation, a piece of trash or a pretentious counterfeit of scholarship is made a sensation. The poor housewife in Iowa, reading its wonders described in her newspaper, and hearing its marvels chanted over the radio, ploughs laboriously through its pages. She finds it stupid, or incomprehensible. But told again and again of its greatness, she does not question. At the next meeting of her woman's club she reviews it as a work of genius. And the sales mount higher and higher, till their shadow darkens the moon.

WE are a fad-ridden country. And because we have no basic artistic integrity, our literary fads are among our worst. It may be a craze for sex books or war books or books about country doctors. It may be a craze simply about big books. The Big Book epoch brought absurdity to its climax. For a time books were all but sold by the pound. Publishers engaged in a veritable armament race, like military men with their airplanes and their navies, to see who could bring out the largest models. I had a publisher in that era—not my publishers of today, whom I cherish. He wrote me after reading the manuscript of a novel on which I had spent three years, revising again and again so that every sentence might play its part in the novel's unity, so that every word might have its exact meaning, and there be not one word too many.

"This is a beautiful book," began the publisher's letter. "This is a superb book. But all the books today are big books. Can't you write me another chapter?"

Many publishers object violently to this Hollywoodizing of literature. But they are caught inescapably in the onrush. The resisting publisher would soon find his salesmen unwanted; his books unread. And the authors, in their hearts despising all these absurd trappings of exploitation, likewise must follow, and seek to outdo their competitors. Or they will fall from the best-seller lists, and the voice of their landlord will grow

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bitter and cold. It is hyena eat jackal, lizard eat snake.

This commercialism is certainly a partial cause of the present-day confusion, the blurring of true values. But its blame is the lesser. For it has only followed the trend. It has not attempted to lead. The larger blame must fall upon those who write, not those who print the writings.

THERE are several groups of writers and critics who must share most of the responsibility; their members often interlock, like the directors of those great corporations which grip our economy. There is the faithful band of followers of that late Gargantuan publicist and showwoman Gertrude Stein: her mesmerized devotees babble streams of consciousness, like frenzied Holy Rollers. Miss Stein, pretending profundity, was only a female version of the jungle witch doctor; like him she spoke a fantastic gibberish so that the benighted tribesmen who could not understand believed she was talking with the gods.

There are the so-called proletarians, who think that merely pleading a cause, however just, makes great literature. I yield to no one in my interest in social movements. In the South I have slept with a pistol under my pillow for having said things I felt needed the saying. Because I hated fascism I was in uniform in Africa long before Pearl Harbor. But art is art, and propaganda is propaganda. The trouble with most proletarian literature is that it is all proletarian and never literature. Dickens and Hugo, in a fashion, were proletarian writers. But they were great writers first, and proletarian afterward. The present-day proletarians think in other terms. Let the poorest hack, properly indignant over some wrong of human society, pen a wholly uninspired pamphlet, and the lords of the proletarian world, some in lofty places, chant in unison: "Magnificent." New confusion is added to the public mind, hopefully seeking for truth and enlightenment. And subtlety, that fragile child of judgment and artistry, is dealt another body blow.

There are the so-called realists who would throw away the artist's brush, and substitute the camera, forgetting that the first principle of all art is selectivity. Their attitude toward sex strikingly exhibits one phase of America's sophomorism. The necessary revolt against the stupidities of Victorianism does not mean that any schoolboy who copies down the words he sees written in washrooms automatically becomes a literary notable. The mere cataloging of four-letter words does not constitute a masterpiece. Authors have been reluctant to speak out against the stupidities of the realistic school in such matters for fear they would be classed with those enemies of all art, the Puritans. I have lived under too many types of civilization to regard, except with irreverence, the so-called moral conventions of our society. But as an artist, I protest against ugliness for the sake of ugliness. D. H. Lawrence was a genius. Some of his stories are superb literary creations. But most of those writing about sex today bear the same relation to Lawrence as the author of a story in *True Detective Mysteries* bears to Anatole France's "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard."

A book store owner the other day showed me a page in a novel just published. "Look at that," he said. "It's terrific. That page'll make the book a sure best seller."

I read a few paragraphs of childish exhibitionism. The buyer of that page for $2.50 received a woeful bargain. He would do much better to invest his money in Burton's "Arabian Nights" and receive the genuine article. The fact that the book has since had considerable success is an indication that as a nation we are both intellectually and emotionally immature. In Europe a man takes a mistress. In the States he buys from under the counter a book condemned by the Society Against Vice.

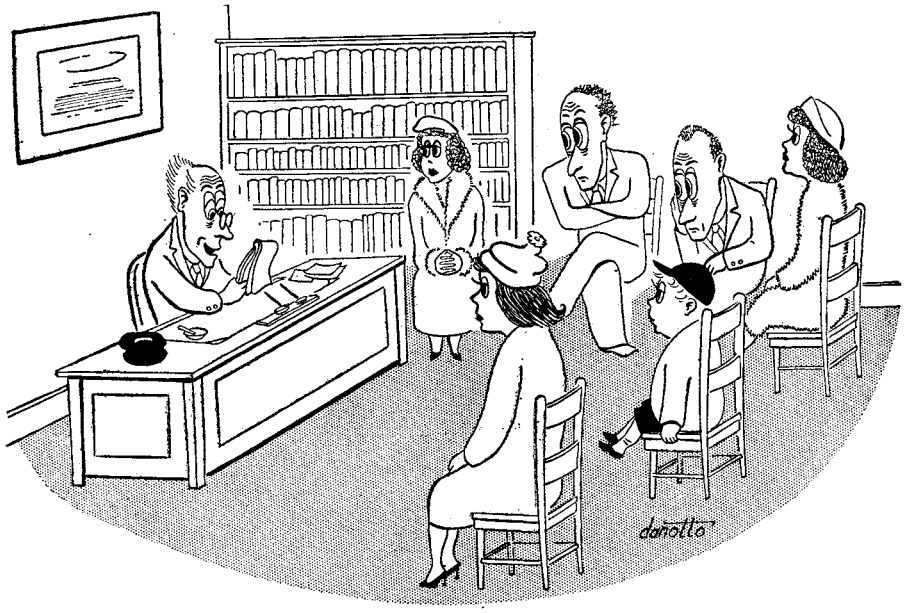
The psychoanalytical legions have brought more bewilderment; wearing their weird psychoses on their sleeves, they have cried out in tones of despair, begging every passerby to come and hear their sorrows.

LASTLY, and these are the worst offenders, there are those who conceive of themselves as the Cynics of Olympus, that segment of the New York critical assembly which prides itself on its literary smartness, its sophistication. Hiding their shallowness behind a cloak of disdain, the supposed mark of the true sophisticate, they affect an air of Vatican-like infallibility which cannot fail but crush and overwhelm the minds of the inferior.

In a personal way the blunting of our sensibilities was acutely brought to my attention with the publication of my last novel. I am still staggering a little from the shock. The book is a satire on humanity, a study in disillusion. Its thesis is that the world is mad, and inhabited by foolish children who never learn anything.

I expected to be condemned on every side for writing a book so melancholy. To my amazement, so dulled, so distorted is the literary vision of the day that, because the satire was the satire of the needle rather than the sledge-hammer, certain critics missed the point entirely. Instead of berating me as a pessimist, they damned me as a Pollyanna. I would have felt that the fault was mine, that somehow my meaning had been lost in the writing. The overwhelming response of other critics and fellow-writers that it was my best book, reaffirmed my own belief, and reassured me—personally. But it left me greatly troubled about the state of writing as a whole. For like the waitress carrying the cocktails, it is the sign of a frightening condition when even a small part of those who sit in judgment have lost their perceptions. Critical sensitivity is a delicate instrument. It cannot be abused, and then sent lightly back to the factory for an overhauling. It will be a sorry day for authors when subtlety is no longer possible, and it becomes necessary to put up crudely-painted road signs every few yards to mark the reader's way.

(*Continued on page 25*)



"... and to little Elmer I bequeath my 'Good-for-Three-Generations' fountain pen."

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Tugwell's Five Years in Puerto Rico

THE STRICKEN LAND: The Story of Puerto Rico. By Rexford G. Tugwell. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 736 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by SUMNER WELLES

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL has written one of the most significant books which has been published in recent years.

"The Stricken Land" is first of all a report of five years' stewardship as governor of Puerto Rico by the man who will probably be the last continental governor of the island, and who, in the years to come, when more impartial appraisals can be made, will without doubt be recognized as one of the most successful administrators ever sent to San Juan by the United States Government. But "The Stricken Land," while giving in full detail the history of American administration and of American policy in Puerto Rico during the past decade, is far more than a mere recital of the series of swift-moving events which crowded the Puerto Rican scene during the war and post-war period.

The book gives at the same time invaluable sidelights upon the policies and manner of being of President Roosevelt's Administration by one of the two or three individuals most responsible for the shaping of the original New Deal. It presents an exceptionally keen and searching analysis of the fundamental trends in recent colonial policy in the Caribbean, and the story of the genesis of that experiment in international cooperation designed to improve the condition of life of dependent peoples known as the Caribbean Commission. It paints in unforgettably vivid and sharp strokes a picture of our precarious position when war came to the United States in the autumn of 1941; it demonstrates the vital significance of the Caribbean at that moment to our own national defense, and shows the relation of our military and naval strategy in that area to the course which was later pursued in the other war theatres.

The book is shot through, as is not unnatural, with the author's own philosophy as to the nature of the evolution which democratic government must undergo if it is to be able to meet the challenge arising in our modern civilization from the demand of the men and women of the Western democracies for security, and for the retention at the same time of a full measure of individual freedom. In that sense it is exceptionally revealing as a human document.

For no member of President Roosevelt's earlier Administration was more bitterly derided and more unjustly pilloried as a strange amalgam of a Fascist, a Communist, and a menace to the liberties of the American people, than Rexford Guy Tugwell. During the first years of the Roosevelt Administration he was selected as the chosen target for attack by every reactionary interest in the United States, as well as by that band of Roosevelt-haters who were not yet prepared to vent their hatred directly upon the person of the President, as the symbol of what they most feared in the spirit of the original New Deal: a philosophy of government based upon the fundamental American principle, "Justice for all, special privilege for none."

Those of his fellow-citizens—and I fear there are many of them—who, as a result of one of the most vicious and effective campaigns of character assassination in modern history, have been deluded into believing that Rex Tugwell was a Communist or an authoritarian bent upon depriving them of their rights and liberties, and who are willing to read this book with an open mind, will find conclusive proof to the contrary on every page. For in this book the author shows himself to be precisely what those who have known him have always believed him to be: intellectually arrogant, perhaps, and frequently tactless in his dealings with those whose purposes he combatted, or whose views he held in contempt, but a man whose courage and whose honesty could never be questioned, an able and far-sighted administrator, a man whose compelling motives throughout his life have been his sympathy for the underprivileged and his passionate desire to serve their interests, and who has sought consistently, according to the best lights available to him, to rectify the social injustices of our modern civilization in the truly liberal and democratic tradition of the principles of the American Constitution.

But "The Stricken Land" is, of course, primarily, an appeal to the people of the United States to seek to understand the problems of the two million inhabitants of Puerto Rico, and to see to it that even at this late hour justice is done to a people who have been the wards of the United States for almost half a century. The history of American trusteeship over Puerto Rico is in many ways a blot upon our national record. Rex Tugwell's service as governor, and the support given him in his endeavors by both President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes, have done much to prevent that record from being one of the most tragically incompetent, selfish, and sterile pages to be found in the history of colonial administration.

Puerto Rico has presented from the time it passed under the control of the United States one of the most complicated problems to be found in the Caribbean. It has been a case of overpopulation and of underemployment. The root cause of the problem is to be found in the fact that an over-dense and rapidly increasing population has been compelled to subsist upon land

THE AUTHOR: It is thirteen years since Rexford Guy Tugwell left a professorship of economics at Columbia University to join President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, an event which led indirectly to his nomination as Governor of Puerto Rico in 1941. As a Brain Truster in Washington his plans and his personality were largely unsuccessful; his bluntness angered politicians, his ideas frightened them. His greatest effort, the transfer of people from city slums to ideal communities in the country, cost the government more than $500,000,000 and was a failure. His casual insistence that competition in modern life must be replaced by cooperation caused strong men to mutter in their sleep. He was defeated in his efforts to get enacted a badly needed amendment to the Pure Food and Drug Law. In 1936, after working in the departments of Agriculture and Interior, Mr. Tugwell resigned from the Federal government and became vice president of a molasses company. After a turn as chairman of New York's City Planning Commission he went to Puerto Rico. His administration was troubled by the island's unstable economy, wartime problems, and a movement among native political groups for dominion status. He is at present Professor of Political Science and Director of the Institute of Planning at the University of Chicago. On the tenth of last July it was fifty-five years since Rexford Tugwell's birth at Sinclairville, Chautauqua County, in Western New York.

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which, because of an inherently faulty insular economy, as well as because of a defective agricultural system, is not capable of providing a means of livelihood adequate to insure even a minimum standard of living to the great majority of the population. Complicated and difficult as the solution of this problem might have been, the solution was by no means necessarily impossible. But to achieve such a solution, the Government of the United States should, from the first days of its trusteeship, have pursued a policy of selecting for its representatives in the Island the best qualified administrators who could have been found. At the same time, this Government should have laid down long-range policies designed to develop consistently, and as rapidly as possible, the capacity of the Puerto Rican to assume the responsibilities of self-government, and so fashioned as to make sure that the Island's resources should be employed solely for the benefit of the Puerto Rican people themselves. Such policies should have further planned to develop such local industries as might provide employment for the marginal population which could not obtain its living directly from the land itself.

It is, of course, sadly notorious that until very recent times the precise contrary has proved to be the case. Rarely were capable governors sent from Washington. Even in these exceptional cases, however, the tendency on their part was to regard the views of the directors of the large continental corporations which had rapidly consolidated their position in the island as representing the best interests of the Puerto Rican people. Little, if anything, was done to arrest a steady trend toward a condition of life under which at least three-fourths of the population were tragically undernourished and living in slum conditions which would not be tolerated by even an over-complacent public opinion in any part of the continental United States. The vast majority of the executive appointments made by Washington to the government of Puerto Rico were made solely for reasons of political patronage. Individuals were appointed who would not be tolerated in ward politics in one of our larger cities. They have been devoid of elementary capacity, let alone of any wish to understand the needs or aspirations of the people over whom they were given control.

And the economy of Puerto Rico has been consistently subjected to the demands of powerful continental interests. It is easy to say that throughout these years of American government the Puerto Rican people have benefited from their inclusion within

—Press Association.

Difficulties with Muñoz Marin increased despite Tugwell's belief "in the essential soundness" of the former's objectives.

the American tariff wall. But even the most cursory analysis will show that such tariff advantages have, in their vast bulk, enriched the pockets of the large United States corporations doing business in Puerto Rico and of a few thousand of the wealthier class in the Island. The masses of the Puerto Rican people have on the contrary been compelled to forego food which could readily have been imported from other parts of the Caribbean had such basic nutritional requirements not been kept out by high American tariff rates.

There has also existed, of course, the galling hindrance to any kind of efficient administration presented by the fact that by the Organic Act every measure adopted by the Puerto Rican Legislature, even if approved by the American governor, was potentially subject to revocation by the Congress of the United States. The American Congress, rather than the American Executive, has in reality been responsible for the policy of this government toward Puerto Rico. As Governor Tugwell says, "What Puerto Rico had to complain of legitimately was not that the United States had been ungenerous. It was that everything had been so haphazard. . . . No people, Latin or other, would as a matter of fact care to have its status left at the mercy of outsiders and perhaps, especially, legislative committees. That was the situation of Puerto Rico."

As Governor Tugwell relates in his book, he was first brought into the Puerto Rican picture in 1940 by Secretary Ickes, who wished him to undertake an investigation of the "500-acre law" in Puerto Rico in view of the issue raised when Luis Muñoz Marín, the head of the newly formed Popular Party, had triumphed in the elections of that year, and was demanding compliance with the terms of the Organic Act. For the Organic Act of Puerto Rico prohibited any corporation from owning more than five hundred acres of land. Not only had no one paid the slightest attention to that prohibition, but corporations created by interests within the continental United States had gone on accumulating land until in some cases their holdings totaled between twenty and sixty thousand acres.

No fact could better typify the fundamental defects in American policy in Puerto Rico than this total disregard of a provision originally written into the Organic Act of Puerto Rico by the American Congress for the purpose of protecting the legitimate rights of the Puerto Rican people. It was an altogether appropriate issue to arouse Rex Tugwell's interest in Puerto Rico. His study of conditions in the island made in that connection induced him the following year to accept appointment as governor of Puerto Rico.

The story of his five years as governor emphasizes throughout his undeviating devotion to one fundamental principle: a passionate desire that the rights of the "common man" in Puerto Rico should be restored to him, and that the influence of the American Government should be consistently directed towards improving the political and economic status of the Puerto Ricans and towards expediting the moment when they might enjoy true autonomy.

It is a dramatic and colorful story. The obstacles to the achievement of even a reasonable measure of success were innumerable. From the very outset Governor Tugwell had to confront the bitter opposition of the leaders of the political parties composing the "Coalicion," and of their staunch allies, the agents of the privileged interests in the island. His difficulties with Muñoz Marín, and with the latter's henchmen in the Popular Party, increased as the years passed, notwithstanding the Governor's belief in the essential soundness of the objectives for which Muñoz Marín strove. The activities of Congressional committees, and the open opposition, or the concealed disloyalty, of many of his official associates in San Juan or Washington made the Governor's task at times almost intolerable. Had it not been for the support and confidence of the President and Secretary Ickes, he could not have continued.

But continue he did until a program of insular legislation had been adopted which made possible public ownership of public utilities and the control of the sugar industry through a Public Service Commission. Moreover, an agreement had been worked out as a result of which the President in October 1945 had recommended

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to the Congress that the Puerto Rican people should be enabled freely to decide for themselves what their future relations with the United States should be and be empowered, as one of the alternatives to be submitted to them for their decision, in any event to elect all of the officials of their own insular government.

And all this was done under an administrative system in which, as Governor Tugwell succinctly phrases it, "the Governor represented the President but carried on his administrative relations through a Division of the Department of the Interior; and in which two or more Committees of Congress were determined to maintain direct managerial relations, and in pursuit of this determination systematically enfeebled the Divison by maintaining its appropriations at an absurdly low level. In consequence, a Governor did not know what he owed to anyone but the President, how far to go on his own, how far to consult the Secretary, and what confidence to give the Congressional Committees. It was an impossible set-up."

"The Stricken Land" should do much to arouse the national conscience to the need for the adoption of a permanent policy toward Puerto Rico which will atone, even if belatedly, for our sins of omission and of commission in the past. It will inspire a new understanding and a new interest in the problems of dependent peoples throughout the world, and in the opportunities which are afforded by the International Trusteeship Council of the United Nations for a rapid and continuing improvement in their political and economic status.

But it may be that the ultimate value of this book will be found in the fact that it presents, without self-glorification and without apology, the record of the accomplishments and failures of a man who believes in a positive, progressive, and dynamic form of democracy, and who was given an opportunity to make democracy work.

Mr. Tugwell writes with blunt frankness of the point of view which many held as the United States approached the great crisis of 1941. That warning should not be overlooked as we face what may be a far graver crisis today: "We thought withdrawing attitudes and the non-acceptance of force in social relations sufficient twin attitudes to govern our relations in society. It never occurred to any of us that these were weak negatives in a monstrously positive world. The Great Society was passing its adolescence. We needed new faiths, new aims, new controls. We hesitated and objected until it was just next to too late."

Autobiography of A Spanish Exile

THE FORGING OF A REBEL. By Arturo Barea. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 739 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

NOW and then, but very, very rarely, a book comes along which, out of the cloudy solution of facts we call history, crystallizes what seems to be the essential truth about some period in the past or sequence of events. One thinks at once of "War and Peace," or, at a lesser pitch, Cellini's autobiography or Hugo's "Ninety-Three." Such a book articulates the dry, jumbled litter of past events into a meaningful framework capable of motion and purpose, and clothes the skeleton again with the warm, living flesh of felt experience. Because the direct communication of significant experience is the function of the artist (of the poet, that is, if the medium be words), such books usually appear as fiction.

"The Forging of a Rebel" is not fiction, but, as far as one can check it, fact. Yet it belongs to the small company of books which reveal the essential shape and meaning of a public series of events with a density of impact and richness of connotation usually reserved to poets. In form, it is three segments of the autobiography of Arturo Barea, recently broadcaster for the BBC, native of Madrid, eleven years ago a modestly prosperous business executive of that city, and from late 1936 to early 1938 head of the Foreign Press and Censorship Bureau of its Republican defenders. Each segment of this autobiography has the length and something of the unity of a short novel. The first examines the boyhood of Arturo Barea, in part in the middle-class home of his aunt and uncle, in part in the Madrid slum where his widowed mother was a washerwoman. The second details his experiences as a conscript soldier in the Moroccan campaigns which preceded the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. The third contains the crises in his own life and in the life of Spain which broke the pattern of his old existence and cast him, at forty, into exile. To understand his own motives

in the third period—the motives which led to his divorce and his simultaneous repudiation of his conventional mistress—quite as much as those which led him to forsake the class in which he had entrenched himself and take up the cause of the people, Barea needed to relive these three segments of his life. It is in retracing the pattern of his essential motives, through the crowded, colorful fabric of his memories, that Barea reveals the imaginative power of a great poet.

As he does so, there take shape, with cumulative force and increasing distinctness, not just the meaning of the crisis in his own life, but the meaning of the crisis in the life of Spain, and in the whole of our Western society. Perhaps it is a characteristic of our time that the life of every individual should be thus implicated in a thousand subtle, intimate ways with the main current of events, and that every personal decision should have causes and consequences in world history. To understand himself Barea was obliged to understand Spain. If a foreigner can judge, he has done so. There is more light on the Spanish conflict in his pages, more truth about Spanish history in the twentieth century, than you could have found hitherto in a large library. And through understanding Spain, Barea has come to understand the crisis of our time better than most of us yet do.

Perhaps we can all understand our place in the world only by understanding the Spanish tragedy. For Spain became, after a century of insignificance, the decisive focus of action of the most critical years of the twentieth century. On the arid Castilian plateau the major issue of our society first came out unmistakably into the open. Around Madrid the raw militiamen of liberty died by thousands so that the rest of us could have time to look at the monster naked in their clear dry sunlight, and make up our minds. Until we understand this, we shall never understand ourselves. And perhaps we shall never have peace or relief from the uneasiness and bickering of guilt, until Señor Barea and his exiled compatriots can go home in freedom.

Shall I say of this book, also, that it is full of color and excitement, of sharply etched character and incident, alive with humor, and relieved here and there by moments of idyllic beauty? Or that it is translated into English equal to its demands? All these things are true, but, in a really important book, they are relatively unimportant.

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Who's Right in Yugoslavia?

PRO—LEIGH WHITE

ALLY BETRAYED. By David Martin. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1946. 372 pp. $3.50.

Editor's Note—In view of the highly controversial nature of "Ally Betrayed," "the uncensored story of Tito and Mihailovich," SRL has asked two correspondents who have studied the Yugoslavian situation at first hand to present their views both of the subject of the book and the book itself.

DAVID MARTIN, a veteran Canadian Socialist, was the secretary of the Committee for a Fair Trial for Mihailovich, an organization that did what little it could to prevent the mass crucifixion last summer in Belgrade. It is an interesting coincidence that Martin should have become interested in Yugoslavia while serving as a pilot with the Canadian Air Force in Burma. For the same decision at Teheran that decreed our disastrously inconsequential march up the spine of Italy simultaneously abolished the Burma campaign and shattered Churchill's hope of an Anglo-American invasion of the Balkans.

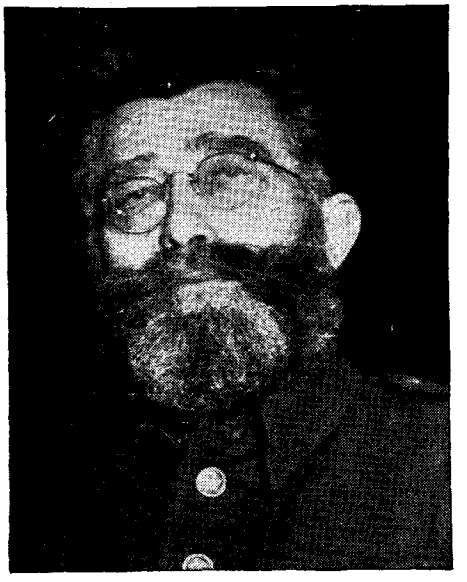
Outvoted at Teheran in his desire to establish a second front in the Balkans, Churchill was subsequently misled into attempting to buy off the principal Balkan agent of Soviet imperialism, Tito, by diverting to him the lend-lease supplies that we would otherwise have given to Mihailovich. Little by little such diligent propagandists as Louis Adamic and Stoyan Pribichevich, amply assisted by British and American Communists and fellow travelers, led Churchill and the Foreign Office and, more reluctantly, Roosevelt and the State Department, to accept three fallacious propositions: (1) That the bulk of the Yugoslav peoples were on Tito's side; (2) that the Partisans were "democratic" whereas the Chetniks (a misnomer for the Yugoslav army) were "reactionary"; and (3) that Tito was fighting the Germans more effectively than Mihailovich who, they said, was collaborating with the enemy.

It was on the basis of such falsehoods that Great Britain and the United States, to our everlasting shame, were led to subsidize, in the name of democracy, the most brutal of the inhuman tyrannies which the Soviet Union is now imposing on the helpless peoples of Eastern Europe. And it was on the basis of these same falsehoods that our ally Mihailovich was executed as a "traitor."

Martin doubts that Uncle Drazha will go down in history either as a great intellect or a great soldier; but his tireless research has convinced him that Mihailovich was motivated in everything he did by a desire to prevent the enslavement of his people by foreign tyrannies, whether German, Italian, or Russian in inspiration. One of Martin's most convincing arguments, and one that I can confirm on the basis of my own experience, is that not a single British or American officer attached to the Chetniks will admit that Mihailovich was anything less than a brave and loyal ally who fought the Germans and Italians, as well as the Ustashi and the Partisans, to the limit of his meager resources—*even after we had cut off his supplies in order to arm the man who was later to destroy him.* Most British and American officers attached to the Partisans, on the other hand, will now shamefacedly admit that they were deceived by a gang of totalitarian adventurers whose enmity to everything we stand for has since become abundantly evident.

Martin's investigation has convinced him that not one of the Partisans' vaunted "documents"—and most of them were forgeries—proved Mihailovich guilty of anything more than of having consented to a number of armed truces in order to defend his own forces against the Partisans. And since when is it treason for the minister of war of any country to defend his regime against a communist in-

(*Continued on page* 25)



"Mihailovich was motivated in everything he did by a desire to prevent the enslavement of his people by foreign tyrannies."

CON—ROBERT ST. JOHN

IN time of war, the clear, sparkling truth is as evanescent as a butterfly on a frosty winter morning. But when peace finally arrives and men turn again to writing books, one can hope to learn what really happened behind the fog of propaganda and truth—distorted-for-a-purpose.

"Ally Betrayed" is called by its publishers "the uncensored story of Tito and Mihailovich" and the author in his preface says, "It is an accepted principle of democratic journalism that where there are two sides to a story, it is the duty of the press to present both sides as nearly impartially as possible." Yet any reader who expects to get a fair, objective view from this book of one of the grimmest internecine feuds in Balkan history is in for a disappointment.

David Martin, a Canadian journalist, an air force pilot, is out to prove that Mihailovich was "one of the truly great personalities of our time"; that "of all the modern Machiavellians, Tito is the most remarkable," and that the Allies made a colossal blunder in abandoning the former for support of the latter.

A man from Mars who knew nothing of the case, but what he here read, might be thoroughly convinced by these 372 pages of argument and documentation. He might also be convinced that the peace of the world depends on an immediate, military liquidation of the Soviet Union, for Mr. Martin's hatred of Tito and his regime is apparently secondary to his intense feelings about the Soviet

—Press Association.

"Tito's movement had a more 'dynamic' appeal to the people than did Mihailovich's."

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Union; so much so that he devotes, at the end of his book, eleven pages to attacking the Soviet regime, as compared with ten pages devoted to the trial of Drazha Mihailovich, which is a matter rather more pertinent to the subject he started out to discuss.

Mr. Martin probably boasts that he is a Socialist, yet at one point he even states his opposition to a nationalization program such as has been undertaken by the Labor Party in his own mother country.

He dismisses as unimportant the fact that Mihailovich was surrounded by a large number of reactionary characters—"rather nasty people," as he himself calls them. He admits that, had Mihailovich instead of Tito come to power, it is conceivable that "the reactionaries in his entourage would have got the upper hand," resulting in a dictatorship of the right.

He admits that "in a Europe that is shattered by war and wracked by famine, one cannot expect people to become enthusiastic over a program which promises only a return to the status quo ante." He admits that Tito's movement had a more "dynamic" appeal to the people than did Mihailovich's.

He excuses Chetnik "accommodations" with Italians on the ground that it was a "common practice"; that other resistance movements in Europe did it, and that some such accommodations were "militarily justifiable in the sense that it was a matter of sheer physical survival."

He admits that Mihailovich's followers hated in this order: first, the Ustashi (the Croatian terrorists) and the Germans; second, the Partisans; third, the Italians. He even details several treaties arranged between Mihailovich's commanders and Italian officers, which led to bitter battles between Partisans on the one hand, and Italians and Chetniks on the other.

He says, "Mikhailovich tolerated the accommodations at a distance as a matter of necessity," but he repeatedly denies that Mihailovich was ever in personal contact with Italians.

He admits "local horse deals in the guerrilla tradition" between Chetniks and Nazis, but he excuses them by saying, "American OSS operatives will testify that they sometimes advised Chinese guerrillas who found themselves in danger of annihilation to make temporary accommodation with the enemy."

He even excuses the quisling Nedich on the ground that "someone had to assume the unpleasant responsibility of dealing with the Germans. Nedich was a man modeled very much after Petain . . . he was not pro-German . . . but he was getting on in years, he was weak, and he was inclined to passivity and defeatism." He says, "There is no evidence that there was ever a formal entente between Mihailovich and Nedich himself." Mr. Martin should read a recent *Atlantic Monthly* article on this matter by the man who was chief of the Balkan Section of the Research and Analysis Branch of OSS.

—*Press Association.*

Banners of Palmiro Togliatti, Italian Communist Party secretary, Marshal Tito, and Lenin carried by pro-Tito enthusiasts in Piazza del Unita in November 1945.

He admits that Kosta Pechanats, "accepted leader of the Chetnik extremists," began "toward the end of 1941 to collaborate with the Germans," but he insists Pechanats's association with Mihailovich was thereupon terminated. He argues that the massacring of the population by the Germans, the burning of villages, and the slaughtering of cattle, added to Tito's strength and might even have been welcomed by Tito because the survivors, even though they had an "undying hatred" for Tito, joined the Partisan army; a strange way of recruiting men. Another weird argument is that Mihailovich's policy of "limited activity" was approved by non-property-owning student-soldiers who "had nothing to lose but their own lives" (*sic*).

Although Martin brands the Partisans repeatedly as "Communist," at one point he does concede that the majority who supported Tito were not Communists but people who did so because they believed they were involved in a struggle "between the old world and the new world."

He has a long chapter on who was responsible for Yugoslavia's civil war which fails to answer the question with any authority or conclusiveness.

He accuses the British Foreign Office, BBC, our State Department, OWI, gullible British and American reporters and editors, Winston Churchill, Major Randolph Churchill, the Voice of America radio station, American Intelligence officers, British Intelligence officers (one of whom he describes as "a droopy, dawdling, affected Englishman, unknown to his countrymen, a Foreign Office misfit"), Louis Adamic, and even King Peter for giving the world and the policy-makers what Mr. Martin considers a distorted picture of the entire Yugoslav situation.

It would take more evidence than Mr. Martin has been able to amass to convince most readers that he is right and that they were all wrong.

The most that one can say for the book is that it is written with a fire and passion which would be commendable if it were used in the defense of some person or cause that was more defensible.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 665)

AGNES ROGERS:
*IRRESOLUTION**

It isn't time so much I lack
As something stiffer up my back;
It's what I do with time instead
That ought to make me hang my head.

. . . . . .

If every morning I arose
And touched my fingers to my toes
A hundred times, I'd lose those pounds.

*From "Harper's Magazine" for August 1946.

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When Is Acquisition Not Acquisitive?

THE ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY. By R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 188 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

THE quarter century which has intervened since the publication of "The Acquisitive Society" has shown the book wise only if we interpret wisdom to be amorphous rather than dogmatic. The rediscovery that Tawney thought he was writing at a "turning-point" of history may well remind us that every point of history is a pivot; and the reflection that the problems treated in the book have outlived the author's solutions, even relatively successful solutions, may well remind us of that larger wisdom: that "real" problems are never solved but at the best are only lived down by being survived heroically..

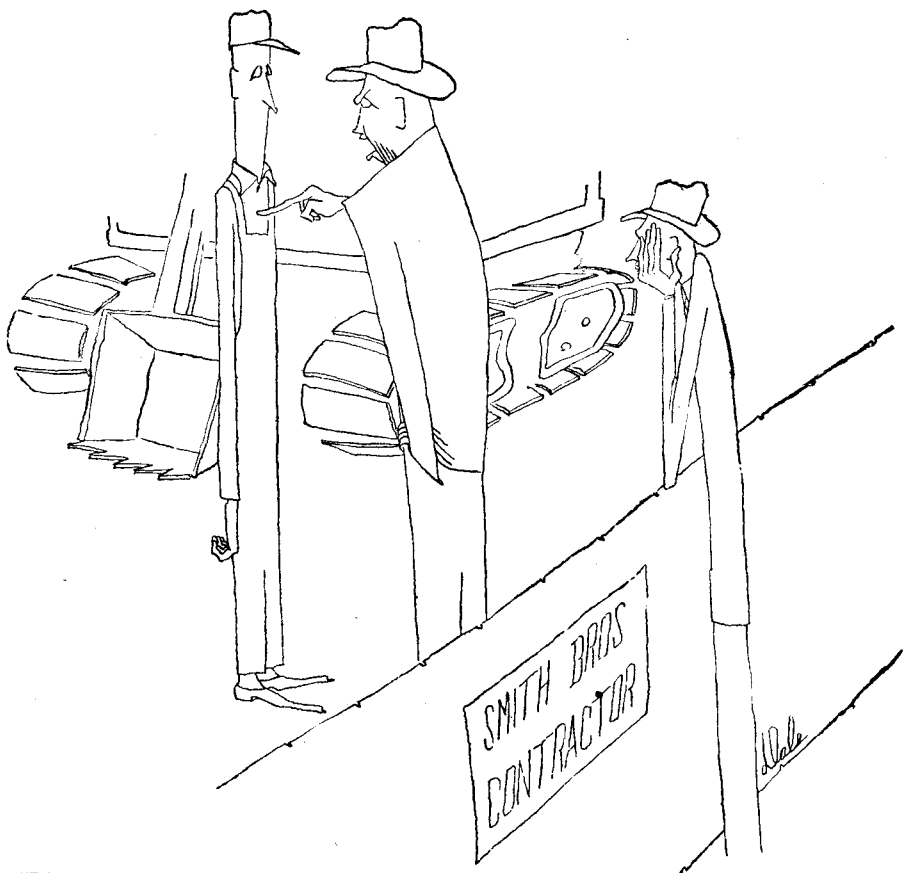
Moral rights were, let us recall, to be proportioned to social function; but socialism, which the author bespoke to accomplish this apportionment, has come once to England (and to America) and gone; and has now come again to England. But the problem of "privilege" remains. Some men still have differential access to rights, despite functions. If the patient wants to be sick, and acquisition is his disease, then he'll find something to "acquire" so that he can continue to enjoy illness. Who in truth would want to survive at the price of having to be rationally "well" all the time?

To Tawney acquisition meant primarily wealth-collection, and creativity, service, function was set over against "profit." Production was not to be for profit but for service. It had not become clear to Tawney that many men, probably most men in America, who make money are more interested in the "making" than in the money. It certainly was not clear that mean feelings are not confined to vulgar activities or that such activities are not necessarily confined to ignoble objects. We have, however, in the meanwhile been tutored by historic events to see that meanness can create as well as can magnanimity, and can indeed create in the noble name of magnanimity. All categories become ambivalent to ambivalence in purpose.

Given, that is, a will to injustice, or that bent to outstrip from which injustice comes as an unearned even if not an intended increment, and other pursuits quite as well as moneymongering can and will generate injustice. Tawney could not have put the ques- does money-hunger?) is not less de- tion the way Alexander Hamilton once did: "Is not the love of wealth as domineering and enterprising a passion as that of power or glory?" Tawney took it for granted, as many Socialists did and as all Communists do, that the love of wealth alone can warp men from the path of social rectitude. Not only has socialism been tried since the book was written, but communism itself has come to Russia heroically to cut the very tap root of money acquisition by depreciating private profit and utterly extirpating private exploitation (if it has) of the means of production, whence chiefly comes money acquisition.

But man's acquisitive impulse, cut off from its ancestral breast, seeks and nabs other paps. Power becomes so succulent a substitute for money (as Hamilton took for granted, power or glory) that one is driven to guess that it was power all the while, or glory, for which men were committing injustice upon one another. Without an intervening means to divert if not indeed to soften the motivation, the struggle becomes the more lethal the more neat it is upon its end. To generalize the suggestion, "deference" may indeed be the end to which power is means as power is the end to which wealth is means. A struggle for monopoly of the final end (and would anybody doubt that deference-hunger feeds more upon success than structive than struggle for intermediate ends. Indeed the knockout blow to noblesse oblige is the feeling that if this given battle be lost, then for a fact all is lost. So long as there are successive defenses to fall back to, so long generosity may thrive upon a tentative basis. One can feel that he may lose this time without losing for all time. But when men struggle from the outset for final stakes, for deference or dignity, failure means loss of all there is, of life itself.

By abolishing "wealth," and with it "acquisition," communism has not rooted out the acquisitive instinct, but if possible has strengthened it. Its exercise has now become desperate; and desperation is not the mother of magnanimity. "Liquidation," that lethal resort of bad sportsmanship, has become a mild neutral word to describe treatment of final rigor, foregone upon failure. So we see greater wrongs perpetrated in the name of (class) justice than a "money-mad" economy has ever inflicted in its mood of admitted injustice. Thus will men twist their categories when nothing else is left to corrupt. If "acquisition" be the enemy, as Tawney thought, then the wisdom of this book is the prudence to pursue the enemy wherever it flees; and now we know, to put it mildly, that its lair is no less in communism than in capitalism; no less in church than in state; no less in perfumed vanity than in putrid vulgarity. On with the argument! Let us follow it wherever it leads!



"It's your last warning . . . either you start drawing better crowds or you're through."

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Camera with a Zest for Life

WEEGEE'S PEOPLE. By Weegee. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. Unpaginated. $4.

Reviewed by BEAUMONT NEWHALL

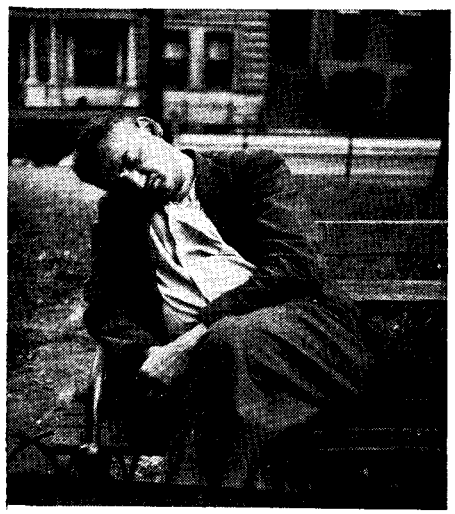
THIS is the complement and sequel to the artist's collection of sensational news photographs published last year as "Naked City." Death, accidents, crime, and tragedy, photographed with an emotional intensity rarely reached in news pictures, distinguished that first book. In this new work Weegee has turned his back on the type of picture-making which made him famous. "I parked my car and cut the wires of the police radio set in it," he writes. "I was through with the newspaper game—through with chasing ambulances to scenes of crime and horror —I was saturated with the tears of women and with children sleeping on fire escapes. Now I could really photograph the subjects I liked—I was free."

The subjects which Weegee likes are all kinds of New Yorkers enjoying life with gusto, at jam sessions and the opera, in Washington Square after dark, in dance halls and night clubs, and on the sidewalks. There are two hundred and sixty-six photogravures; it is to be regretted that the quality of these reproductions is so poor that much of the detail of the photographs is lost. The pictures are divided into eleven groups, each with a general title. Sometimes, as in the "Sub-Cellar Ball," the photographs were made in one place and at one time, but more often the pictures are grouped together with a common denominator of subject and mood. Words, beyond a four-page introduction, are sparse, and the majority of the pictures are not captioned. The impact of the images, their skilful juxtaposition, and the bold page layouts make words superfluous. Occasionally a clue is supplied. Included among other photographs of opera-goers, for example, is a close-up of the well-shod leg of a society lady posed on the brass rail of a bar. The caption reads, "It was a double feature program."

While most of Weegee's people are enjoying life, a few are not. In the section "A Place to Sleep" are collected documents of the displaced persons of the city. On four different nights he photographed the same doorway; each time a different person was asleep on the threshold. He photographed the lonely ones on park benches. But for the most part his people are reacting to life boisterously, obviously, thoroughly.

As a pictorial satirist of society, both high and low, he has used the same technique by which he recorded more sordid subjects, bringing his camera close and photographing instantaneously with the brilliant, searching, and pitiless light of a single flashbulb. Occasionally he has employed "black light" — flash bulbs which give off invisible infrared rays, so that he can work inconspicuously. In this way he photographed at the opera, and made an appealing series of kids in a movie house absorbed in a film. None of his pictures are posed or directed. "Here's my formula —dealing as I do with human beings, and I find them wonderful: I leave them alone and let them be themselves."

It is difficult to say what gives these photographs their special character. Of all forms of pictorial expression, photography is the one upon which it is most difficult to impose a personal style. Weegee has succeeded. His work does not need to be signed, for his personality can be felt in every print. And to those who have felt that Weegee's success was based upon an almost uncanny ability to be on the spot when scenes of the most violent nature have taken place, this book will give definite proof that subject matter alone is not the secret of his photography. If this new book lacks something of the gripping and exciting quality of "Naked City," it substitutes for it another emotion: zest for life. When Weegee's people play, they play hard; when they are exhausted, they are lost to the world; when they make love, their embraces are clinches. Weegee follows them almost pitilessly, but never without human warmth. When he satirizes, it is in the spirit of social criticism. For although he put on a tuxedo and became a society photographer for a fashion magazine, he still carries with him the memories of what he saw as a news photographer, and he still remembers how New York looked to a kid from the East Side.



Weegee [asleep above] says of this book: "I parked my car and cut the police radio set . . . I was saturated with the tears of women and with children sleeping on fire escapes. . . . Here's my formula . . . dealing as I do with human beings, and I find them wonderful: I leave them alone and let them be themselves."

—*From the book.*

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Writers Are Unhappy

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1946. Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 561 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FOR the last six years Martha Foley has ably carried on the thirty-year-old-annual collection of American short stories edited by that remarkable anthologist Edward J. O'Brien. It is both a labor of love for Miss Foley and an endless and sometimes rewarding search for some touch of genius among the new writers whose first stories appear in the literary quarterlies and the "little" magazines.

While her search has not been confined to the magazines of small circulation, *Prairie Schooner, Key-Review, Story, Partisan Review, Yale Review, Virginia Quarterly,* and many others, nor to *Atlantic, Harper's,* and *Esquire,* it is remarkable that only one of the weeklies and monthlies whose circulation runs into the millions has published a story she considered worthy of reprinting. The extremely high prices paid for stories by these magazines should command good writing, in spite of their taboos against unpleasant subjects and unhappy or unresolved endings. Is it possible that Miss Foley considers that a first-rate story cannot be written around a cheerful theme, or that a happy ending must connote bad literature, and that her interest in discovering new talent in the little magazines obscures her judgment?

Certainly the thirty stories she has selected as the best to appear in 1946 are cheerless enough, from the first, Charles Angoff's "Jerry," in which a young man crashes to death in a plane, to the last, Glennyth Woods's "Death in a Cathedral." However well written, the collection is a cross-section of the mental strain and distress that can be found in contemporary American life, of unhappy men and women, distraught lovers, and miserable children. Several of the stories are about children desperately trying to make sense out of the adults who own them. They reflect what everyone who has come into contact with the work of young writers today knows, that a large percentage of them are absorbed in the memories of their childhood, as if they were seeking to escape by that means from facing their adult problems, or were trying to explore the origins of present discontent. Some of the most forceful and memorable stories are concerned with racial conflict. In Ann Petry's sharp but funereally titled "Like a Winding Sheet," a colored factory worker who is in love with his wife returns after a grinding day of oppression and rebuffs to murder her. Owen Stark's "The Bridge" tells the story of a teacher in a colored school who can barely endure the hatred and violence with which the jungle-growth of youths in his classes meet the injustice of the white man. He tries to escape but returns to his self-appointed daily hell. Warren Beck's "Out of Line" is one of the best of this group, for it searches into one of the roots of anti-Semitism in the deftly written story of a Jewish woman who pushes into the head of a long column of people buying stamps at a post office and arouses the complex chain reaction of racial hatred.

There are love stories, though they would hardly be recognized under that heading by the editors of the big magazines. In Bessie Breuer's brilliant "Bury Your Own Dead," a sympathetic but tidy-minded Wac meets a mentally distraught bomber-pilot whose brother has been killed in the war and who wants both to sleep with her and to force on her the burden of his tortured mind. She fights against her kindly woman's instincts and goes to her cool bed knowing that she has been cruel, unfeeling, and beastly. "The Norm" by Elaine Gottlieb tells of a fruitless college love affair of a young Jewess with a youth who has no intention of marrying her. It finishes, as do so many of these stories, with a disconnected sentence which may be intended as irony or to set the mood for an ending that is no ending at all. "When she could no longer see him, she turned toward the woman next to her, a fat woman in violet cotton, leering at her over movie magazines and a box of cheap chocolates." Other stories end with a few words about nature or the weather, "Outside a dark wind stirred through the branches. . . . A few stars were out," or, from another story, "They passed under the light and their lengthening shadows before them were obscured by the innumerable tiny shadows of the flakes." These stories that wind up nowhere or that seem to begin in the middle, episodes, anecdotes, stories of moods, are only too familiar in modern short fiction. You can find their origin twenty or more years back in Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Kay Boyle, who can now write well-rounded fiction for good pay, or else in the fine examples of plotless stories that appear weekly in *The New Yorker.* In the hands of skilled writers who can make every phrase count they can be miniature works of art, but on the surface they seem so deceptively simple that they can be pitfalls for the young writer who tries to communicate through them the recital of a passing mood or a flash of insight.

—*Alan Sanderson.*

Among these thirty "cheerless" stories Ann Petry's sharp "Like a Winding Sheet" and Warren Beck's deftly written "Out of Line" are concerned with various aspects of racial conflict.

—*Aaron Siskind.*

The brilliant "Bury Your Own Dead," by Bessie Breuer, and Elaine Gottlieb's inconclusive "The Norm" are "love stories, though they would hardly be recognized under that heading."

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In her preface Miss Foley writes that there has been a coming of age of the American short story in this year and that the average quality has been unusually high. Since 1946 has already been labeled, with sufficient evidence, as "the most arid year" in American literature since its renaissance thirty years ago, it would be extraordinary if this were so. That these thirty stories are admirable is true, though last year's volume contained in our opinion as good or better a crop. But in them you will search vainly for a new rare talent or flash of power that years ago first revealed a young Hemingway or a Steinbeck.

Ave Roma Immoralis!

ALL THY CONQUESTS. By Alfred Hayes. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1946. 295 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

THIS book fulfills the basic requirement of a novel: it is good reading from cover to cover. The scene is laid in liberated Rome, about which the author is well qualified to write, as he served in Italy with the American army. But he has a much more important qualification: he knows how to write.

There is some question as to whether Rome was an open city in the military sense. But in other respects, the lid was off, and the bewildered natives soon learned that the major objectives of their liberators were signorine and cognac. Mr. Hayes has chosen the method—now made so familiar by "Hiroshima"—of reciting the case histories of half a dozen characters. He is most successful with the Americans, for he was one of them, and with a sure touch he vividly describes their thoughts and actions. They speak authentic broken Italian. The Italian characters, including an ex-barman, a young girl, and a thoroughly unscrupulous marquis, are also brilliantly drawn; but unfortunately they, also, speak broken Italian. Why are even the best authors so careless in the use of foreign words? This failing is universal; whenever the French use an English word, it is almost sure to be the wrong one. Although most of Mr. Hayes's readers will take his Italian for granted, anyone familiar with Rome will be exasperated by references to the Via "Sestina," the "Ponto" Milvio, the "palazzetta," the "scotoli," not to mention the gratuitous sprinkling of spurious accents, as in "terriblé." Some of these errors may be due to careless proofreading, such as the transposition of whole lines at the foot of page 257; but those which recur consistently must be ascribed to wilful negligence. Under such conditions the local color, for which the Italian words are presumably used, fades rapidly.

These are only superficial faults in a first-class piece of reportage. Perhaps pieces would be more accurate, for a more serious defect is the lack of continuity. The book has no plot; it is a series of brilliant episodes, each written in a style admirably suited to the characters involved. They are like cuttings of different kinds of cloth—sweaty khaki for the soldiers, and rotting brocade for the marquis. It is only in the second part of the book that these pieces are lightly basted

together into a patchwork quilt; and stitched on at the end, as a border, is the dramatic description of the trial of a fascist official. By such abrupt changes the tenuous thread of continuity is stretched to the breaking-point. The author appears in so many disguises that he nearly loses his identity, so that the book is like an anthology of short stories by authors ranging from Hardy to Hemingway. However, the episodes have one common factor: their characters are preoccupied with sex, underlined in language that would have started the late Anthony Comstock off on a crusade. But he has been dead a long, long time.

Even in these more enlightened days one might wish for a little sweetness and light to relieve the sustained bitterness and frustration. The only faintly sympathetic character is the girl Francesca, who appears briefly at the outset, and unfortunately cannot be found again. The only person who gets what he wants is the marquis—and his objectives are dubious, to say the least. The other protagonists are torn to pieces by the mob, driven to suicide, seduced, deserted by their mistresses and lovers, beaten into insensibility, and left naked. The reader has taken quite a beating, too. But unpleasantness is the current fashion: composers offer us a series of unrelated dissonances, painters a jumble of meaningless blotches of color, and poets a jumble of letters and symbols that look like the result of a monkey playing with a linotype machine. These trends are of course reactions from the sweetness and light of the earlier romantic schools. After a diet of syrup, we are expected to relish unadulterated vinegar. But biological evolution is slow, and it will take some time for our stomachs to acquire the requisite copper linings. Although liberated Rome was a tough spot, Mr. Hayes must have encountered some decent Americans and Italians while he was there. Let us hope that he will use his undoubted talent to write about them.

Literary Sampler

THE LEACOCK ROUNDABOUT. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 422 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

CRANBERRY sauce and mince pie, roast chestnuts and candied sweet potatoes, green peas and frosty cider are all the side dishes; turkey is the main attraction at holiday time. There have been "Thurber Carnivals," there have been editions of "What Cheer!," there have been "Collected Poems" and "Practical Cogitators," there have been anthologies and anthologies, but "A Treasury of the Best Works of Stephen Leacock" is the gravy, a prize offering for the season.

Professor Leacock's contribution is humor, and humor is welcome in these disunified times. Yet, as Professor Leacock points out, "in its larger aspect, humor is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent, as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth." Thus, all of the writings in this anthology do not lie exclusively in the realm of humor. "Eddie the Bartender" is exemplary of Leacock's simple, sympathetic treatment of the expansive bartender who is unconsciously heading toward a bucolic life through the advent of prohibition. The author's ironical treatment of life's contradictory episodes is also well illustrated in the inclusion of "Simple Stories of Success." The anthology would not be complete, however, without one of Leacock's plays, and the choice of "Cast Up by the Sea" is excellent.

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Magazine of Ideas

THE PARTISAN READER. An Anthology. Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 688 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

NO regular reader of *Partisan Review* will be surprised by the excellence of the anthology which represents the contents of this periodical during the first ten years of its existence. From its tendentious beginnings in the winter of 1933-34, as official organ of the John Reed Club of New York, it has grown into the most stimulating and satisfying magazine of ideas and literary expression now being published in the United States. The editors' realization, crystallized by the Moscow trials, that "Stalinism was not the agent but the enemy of democratic socialism," resulted in the *Review's* temporary suspension (1936-37) and its reorganization along editorial lines calculated to effect a "rapprochement between the radical tradition on the one hand and the tradition of modern literature on the other." How successfully those lines have been followed is proved by the present volume, and by the full file of the *Review* from which it has been made.

The content of the "Reader" falls into four categories — "A Group of Stories," "Selected Poems," "Interpretations," "Variety"—and practically all the work so labeled in first-rate of its kind.

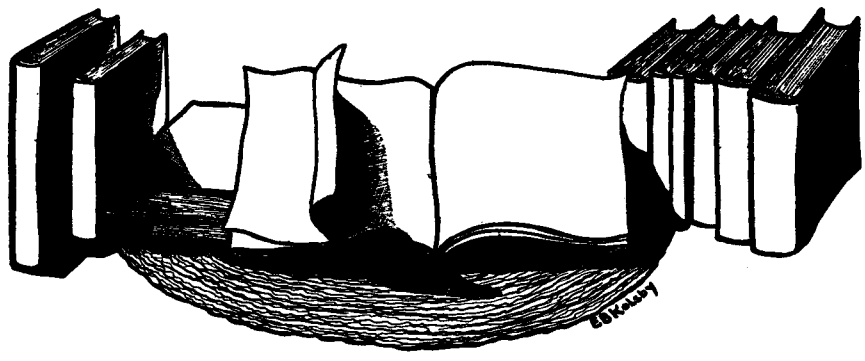
Turning to the fiction, we find no familiar formulas, and this is a notable fact, for it is not only the slicks and pulps that go in for formulas, but also many of the little and *avant-garde* magazines; the stock patterns of the second class becoming, after short acquaintance, as tiresome as those of the first. The formula-writer of short stories merely fills a ready-made form; the writer who is also an artist creates a form during the creative process of shaping and phrasing what he has to tell. We see this process at work, producing memorable fiction, in such stories as Mary McCarthy's "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," H. J. Kaplan's "The Mohammedans," and Lionel Trilling's "Of This Time, of That Place." All three are studies of character, but the techniques of analysis and revelation are as widely various as they are successful. Miss McCarthy's intellectual, radical, but Bovaryste heroine; Mr. Kaplan's white man and black man, each partially ludicrous and partially pathetic, each alienated from his environment; Mr. Trilling's professor and two students, one of the latter a hopeless misfit, the other so made as to fit only too well, and the teacher ineffectual between them—these are characters which have been given individual rather than typical existence.

Delmore Schwartz's "A m e r i c a! America!" is ostensibly the story of a family, but even more significantly it is that of a young musician, returned to New York from Paris, who listens to this story in a mood of contempt which he finally realizes is self-contempt; and realizes, too, that he can never escape his roots. James T. Farrell puts one affirmative sentence after another to relate, with effective irony, the history of a Greek shepherd lad who comes to the United States, where he makes good as a marathon dancer—at a price. In "The Facts of Life," by Paul Goodman, a little girl learns of the existence of Jews and Gentiles, and thereupon makes inquiries that provoke several of her elders to self-revelation. Eleanor Clark's "Hurry, Hurry" slides deftly, within the setting of "a beautiful June day," from reality into what may be called surreality for want of a better word. Written with a perverse precision in the matter of detail, it is at once fascinating, amusing, and bewildering. Elizabeth Bishop's "In Prison" is a meditation on a theme rather than a story, while James Agee's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" is a reminiscent sketch. Charles Jackson spins out an anecdote in "Rachel's Summer," and Isaac Rosenfeld makes a self-conscious young man strip himself by means of a series of letters. "In the Penal Colony" is one of Franz Kafka's most interesting, suggestive, haunting, and tantalizing shorter compositions.

Of the poems, T. S. Eliot's "The Dry Salvages" is well known, even famous. Stephen Spender's "Rejoice in the Abyss," fine in both conception and execution, is the product of a poet's fire-watching duties during the London blitz; and Karl J. Shapiro's "The Synagogue" is an admirable example of surface sobriety, with intellect and emotion pulsing just beneath the surface. In "Several Voices Out of a Cloud," Louise Bogan speaks for Villon and others in words that sting. Wallace Stevens is characteristically represented, as is Marianne Moore. Louis MacNeice meets the human predicament "breast forward," while John Wheelwright has expert fun with a famous Bostonian by adoption, many of whose doings survive in private gossip, while her palazzo survives publicly. But it is satire, savage or subtle, which predominates in the poetry section: vide, among others, Cummings, Patchen, Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, Philip Horton, Allen Tate, William Carlos Williams. These writers use satire as an offensive and defensive weapon, and by the violence of the verbal thrusts the sensitivity of the speaker may be measured.

Coming to the prose that is not fiction, we come to a rich mass of material. The contributors to this mass are writing some of the best literary criticism (to use a blanket term which covers much territory) that is being written today; and they are writing social and political criticism as well. Philip Rahv's study of Dostoievsky's political ideas, and Edmund Wilson's study of Flaubert's, are excellent examples of the profits to be earned by acute reconsiderations of familiar material. Max Braunschweig's article is a useful preface to the reading of Marx. Sidney Hook analyzes the nature of the Thomist offensive being led by Maritain, who represents a position which "may be found congenial by those who, having surrendered one or another specific variety of totalitarianism, have not yet repudiated its generic form." John Dewey, with a logic that requires no raising of his voice, blasts the factitious alliance of theological and non-theological anti-naturalists; and Ernest Nagel companions him by bringing guns to bear on those who assume "that there is a superior and more direct way of grasping the secrets of the universe than the painfully slow road of science."

Eliot's essay on "The Music of Poetry" is all good, the best passage perhaps being that which explains how Shakespeare did two poets' work



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in one lifetime. Clement Greenberg's "Avant-Garde and Kitsch" and William Phillips's "The Intellectual Tradition" both provide valuable insights into the state of our culture. Spender's reminiscences of the Germany of 1929-32 have an historical interest, and the pages from Gide's journal afford brief glimpses into a mind that is never dull. William Troy on Lawrence, and Morton Dauwen Zabel on Rimbaud, come to grips with difficult, elusive subjects. Robert Vigneron throws light on the origins of "A la récherche du Temps Perdu," and tells the story of Proust's chauffeur-companion Agostinelli. Jolas sets down his recollections of Joyce as he knew him during the writing of "Finnigans Wake"; Dwight Macdonald examines the threat of bureaucratic collectivism and argues that new radical groupings and a reformed Marxism are required to combat it; F. W. Dupee condemns Van Wyck Brooks as one who has turned from a vigorous critic of the United States "into a zealous curator of its antiquities"; Meyer Schapiro examines Lewis Mumford's "Culture of Cities," exposing the author's reliance on intuition, dubious analogy, rationalization; Ignazio Silone briefly and contemptuously isolates the few basic conceptions which governed Ferrero's historical thinking; and Auden speaks cleverly for the prosecution and soundly for the defense in the case of "The Public v. the Late Mr. William Butler Yeats."

Surveying this volume and the reservoir from which it has been drawn, we see that *Partisan Review* is an *avant-garde* magazine, but one that has maintained steady and profitable contact with the main body of culture. It has no use whatever for the fad of obscurity, and it has remained unimpressed by mere experimentation for the sake of experimentation. Its standards of present excellence could be maintained only by editors fully aware of past excellence; fully aware that despite innovations and revolutions and social convulsions, despite periods of darkness and dazzling brilliance, there is such a thing as a continuum of culture.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 184

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 184 will be found in the next issue.

YK EVZZAF JFKKL WVY IA

MRBAY IH V XVY KL QRE

KNY URDDUAYAEE DQVY

ZREIAURAL RY MFAVD XAY.

—DQKXVE WVFUHUA—

QAFKAE VYZ QAFK-NKFEQRJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 183

For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd.
SAMUEL BUTLER
Hudibras.

Complete Egotist, Sans Humor

THE SHOW PIECE. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 224 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

THE practice of posthumous publication, especially of unfinished manuscript, seems to me highly debatable. The development of an incipient idea, the polishing of plot, the validity of character cannot be achieved without the careful completion of the story to be told. In Mr. Tarkington's "The Show Piece" we get a skeleton structure with just the barest scaffolding. The novel is left unresolved, and we must content ourselves with author's notes on what might have been. In all fairness to Mr. Tarkington, let us assume that, given time, he himself would have reappraised his work. That is the generous benefit of the doubt. What is on hand has to be judged entirely on its own terms.

Irvie Pease is "the show piece" of the title, observed by Mr. Tarkington as the narrator. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have kept Irvie in the curio cabinet, or at least under glass. Instead, he is allowed to roam his Midwest town, Stonehaven, in summer, and Princeton's sacred groves when learning sets in. He is the absolute egoist, devoid of humor, scruples, or heart. Fed on acclaim and adoration by his doting parents and friends, he lives in a false aura of success. Ultimately he is discovered and justice takes over. But not before he has appeared in his own play to the plaudits of the local populace, won the love of the leading lady, been accepted by the Maine natives as a hero, and graduated from college *cum laude*.

How he fooled all of the people all of the time is due to Edgar Semple, orphaned cousin living with the Peases, and to Emma, a Midwest Maggie Wylie, their next-door neighbor and his devoted slave. Edgar wrote the only good scene in the play; Edgar paid Irvie's debts, and even wrote his thesis for him. This sappy Cyrano finally becomes a successful lawyer and refuses Irvie partnership. Some comfort in the author's notes, after all. Emma, poor soul, steers the boat into the wind, thereby saving Irvie and his girl, Mary, and making a prideless liar appear a hero. Mary, witness to this trickery, departs to marry another. Score again. Emma almost has her man, but we are told he eludes her for a New York heiress whom he marries and then dwindles into the seclusion of cafe society, leaving Emma and Edgar an obviously perfect couple.

This is a sad book in the sense that it seems somehow very old. Irvie is such a far cry from Penrod and from Billy Baxter. It seems as if it were no longer possible for Mr. Tarkington to span the generations, a feat no one has done better than he. In Emma's losing love there are snatches of Alice Adam's poignancy; in the "civic theatre" we are reminded of erstwhile wit; and in Will and Evelyn Pease we respond once more to good, endearing, deluded parents.

But it is not possible to accept "The Show Piece" as a culmination of a career. We must turn backward for the best. If only the gods could bestow on all creators the omniscient sense of when to stop. The fifth "farewell performance" cloys; the drone of "and in conclusion" tires the spirit. Respect is due Mr. Tarkington for the effort this work must have cost him, but lasting gratitude and affectionate admiration go to an earlier era.

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AS A MAN THINKETH

"MOST doctors," the radio blares, trying to sell something or other (and the radio isn't peddling stethoscopes); "seven out of ten Hollywood stars" drink or smoke or wash their faces with such-and-such; "your dentist uses whatnot" (we asked ours, and he didn't). When is most? Seven out of ten is a clear-cut ratio, but how many tens were consulted, and who determines what a Hollywood star is? Don't doctors ever raise a voice in protest against the calculated exploitation of an entire profession? Are they always going to take it, like their patients, lying down?

Oh, people say tolerantly (precise proportion of people not available, but too big), you have to expect that sort of thing in a radio commercial—you've read "The Hucksters," haven't you? Oh, yes, "everybody" has read "The Hucksters." Wasn't that the book in which Mr. Wakeman planted a land mine which he carefully ticketed "Soap Opera" and then tripped over it?

But do we have to expect "that sort of thing" from a reporter? "It is considered significant"—who considers it significant, and whose axe is *he* grinding? "It is understood"—who understands it, and what is his personal interest in it? "Washington seems to believe"—does that mean the whole population, plus Bethesda and Hyattsville, or, if not, what part of it, both statistically and politically? Washington seems to believe it wants the vote, anyway. Here's hoping it gets it. The city of Washington is made up, among others, of natives of the forty-eight states and of the District of Columbia.

This sort of "most of" and "believes" fuzziness reached an apotheosis of ineptitude during the war. Every returning entertainer or correspondent or member of Congress or whatnot was asked what "the soldiers thought" about every conceivable subject. The honest answer, of course, would have been: "I don't know. I talked at most with a few hundred out of several million men, and that subject didn't come up to any great extent. There were too many other things for the soldiers to worry about [I didn't have to worry about them so much myself], such as whether the next meal would be cold or hot, or the chances of keeping on living." But too often—far too often—the interviewee yielded to the glorious opportunity to become a spokesman, an interpreter, a know-it-all, and had the complete, pat answer to what "the soldiers thought." Invariably, of course, he simply told what *he* thought. He had taken his opinions with him, and he had brought them back again.

The Army, rightly or wrongly, prohibited actual soldier polls by outsiders—probably rightly, if only for the reason that otherwise there would have been more voting than fighting. Incidentally, the Army did some highly worth-while polling on its own account, and for its own information, the results of which were not made public. Why not let them out now? In those figures only is there any accurate indication of what soldiers really thought. They thought, all right.

It seems equally bad reporting, to approximately 73.4 or so of us, to quote three or four individuals (including full names and addresses) with the implication that as John Doe thinks, so thinks the country, or the South, or an entire labor union.

And one should not ignore—rather, one should ignore—the speaker who has the effrontery to think for his audiences—"I know that most of my listeners will agree with me," or "The American business man appreciates too well."

There may be nothing particularly insidious in all this. And again there may be. The average intelligent listener or reader, one hopes (or do we statistically presume?), is capable of discounting, and does discount, at least the more flagrant numerical attributions and generalizations. Many of the generalizations are the product of sheer laziness, as much physical as intellectual. It is so much easier to write a think-piece, so much simpler to interpret "local opinion," or to lean back on dat ole debbil Consensus, with out putting oneself to all the hard work of rounding up substantial and provable facts. The handout is partly (proportion undetermined) to blame. Time was when a reporter had to use his feet as well as his head; too often today the mimeograph machine makes it unnecssary for him to overexert either end.

Everyone has a right to his own opinions—and a right to no one else's.

J. T. W.

The Broken Signpost

By Brodie S. Herndon

HAS all the honey now gone out of the horn?
Shall we always have mocking in our ears
The rattle of woodpeckers in the bare forest, and the forlorn
Sound of old leaves scratching along the road
Like relics lost among the ruined years?

Can it be that these expiring leaves,
Once veined in innocence, knew spring laughter
Rippling out of the wood; knew love in crimson sheaves;
Quietness; storm; the immense and savage grief of war;
Wind stinging the flesh with needling water?

We have gone down strange and winding lanes;
Poked among orange peels and coffee grounds
From upset cans; heard adventurous strains
Of unfamiliar music, and whispers come from smiling mouths.
We have run away, and we have listened to the sounds.

The signpost is broken on the barren road.
THIS WAY REALITY, it says, but no one could
Tell which way the arrow pointed, nor read the code.
We beat against the blue drum of the sky. No answer comes
But the laughter of woodpeckers rattling in the empty wood.

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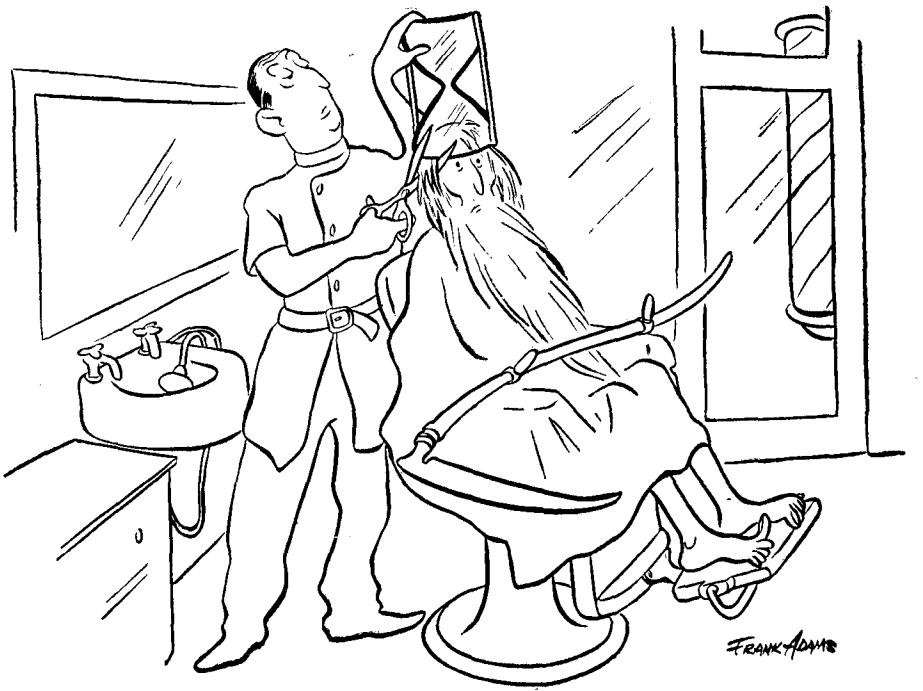
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

No. 1 Public Utility

SIR: In your issue of Nov. 23 I read an article, "America's No. 1 Public Utility," by W. W. Waymack. It started off by some paragraphs dealing with educators and education, and I got the impression that America's No. 1 public utility was our public schools, which would have been a noble statement indeed. But to my dismay I discovered that the honor was being conferred upon the American press. Your contributor lists a numbered set of facts totalling nine. Permit me to oppose just one fact to the whole nine. The American press is not a public utility in any sense of the term that has any meaning. The American press is a privately owned, commercial enterprise, run in the interest and for the profit of private owners, of advertisers, and of the general big business interests which control our country's economic affairs and are soon to take entire control of its political affairs as well.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.



Anti-White Organization

SIR: Mr. Morris Ernst, a life-long fighter for liberalism, in his recent letter to *The Saturday Review* [Oct. 26] asked me to give the background of the attack on my book and something on how it was organized before publication.

Following the original pre-publication Moscow blast by Zaslavsky, the next attack came, not from America, but from Toronto in the *Canadian Tribune*, which is the official organ of the Canadian Communists, and the attacker was Raymond Arthur Davies.

Mr. Davies has a rich background of political experience. From 1934 to 1939, he was active in the Young Communist League of Toronto under the name "Roy Davis," which he also signed to articles as staff writer for the *Communist Daily Clarion* until it was suppressed as seditious on November 20, 1939, and was then succeeded by the *Canadian Tribune*. Previously he had been the first editor of the communist youth paper, *New Advance*. In about 1941, he began to use the name "Raymond Arthur Davies" and in August 1943 the Canadian Communists also changed their name, reorganizing as the Labor-Progressive Party of Canada. But it is the same party which was, until recently, represented in the Canadian Parliament by Mr. Fred Rose who last June was sentenced to six years in prison by a high Canadian Court for conspiring to give secret information to the Soviets.

At the time of the reorganization and name change, "Raymond Arthur Davies" was elected to membership in the National Committee of this party, and this announcement, along with his picture, appeared in the communist *Canadian Tribune* for August 28, 1943.

In the fall of that year, he left for Moscow as a "war correspondent." The following summer I visited Moscow. After my return, he presently began attacking me in the *Canadian Tribune* which printed portions of a violent "open letter" starting out "Dear Bill." I could not then identify his name with anybody that I knew, and it was only later, when someone sent me his picture as it appeared in the *Tribune* at the time of his election to his party's National Committee, that I recognized him as someone to whom I had been introduced in Moscow.

His letter to me, however, was couched in terms of one old, intimate, and now heart-broken friend to another, and went on to denounce me for various crimes and villainies against the Soviet State.

This letter was, of course, picked up by the American communist press. It also appeared in expanded form in *Soviet Russia Today* and was subsequently quoted by even *The New Republic* who either did not know Mr. Davis-Davies's political background or else did not care, and by many other confused but essentially well-meaning non-communist publications.

I also understand that it was Raymond Arthur Davies who wrote the first draft of the petition denouncing me which was ultimately signed by him and fifteen other "correspondents" and I have been told that his fiery original was substantially rewritten by John Hersey, Edgar Snow, and some of the others who are said to have substituted phrases more appropriate for the drawing room and refined fellow-traveler circles. However, on this delicate point, I am not a final authority.

The final text was then cabled to various parts of the world for additional signatures by Mr. Edwin Smith, who was then Executive Secretary of the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship. He stressed the need for speed, pointing out that he wanted the petition denouncing the book ready for release on the date of the book's publication.

Let us now pause to consider Mr. Smith. Originally, he was a member of the National Labor Relations Board, but President Roosevelt four years ago declined to reappoint him while Mr. Smith was under fire as a communist sympathizer.

He then went to work for the Oil Workers Organizing Committee (CIO) but was subsequently released from this responsibility in what the newspapers at the time described as a CIO purge of Communists.

He then went to work as Executive Secretary of the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship. I wish to compliment him on the thorough and workmanlike job he did for that body in discrediting my book before it was issued, with the result that Harry Hansen could write in the *World Telegram* that "Never before have I had to deal with a book that has been so thoroughly denounced before publication as W. L. White's 'Report on the Russians'."

The correspondents' petition which Mr. Smith organized was sent to all reviewers, and most of them either cited or quoted from it. His American-Soviet Friendship Council had previously written to my publishers demanding that they suppress the book entirely. His group also prepared and distributed to bookstores all over the country an expensive brochure denouncing my book which probably cost them as much as my publishers could afford to spend in advertising the original.

He has now gone to even higher fields of usefulness as chairman of the recently organized American Committee for Armenian Rights. It will be remembered that Armenia is ruled in part by Russia and in part by Turkey. It is the view of Mr. Smith's new committee that the Sovietized Armenians enjoy "complete freedom" while those outside Soviet jurisdiction are being brutally oppressed by the Turks, and they therefore urge that four Turkish provinces be transferred to Soviet rule. There is also at

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issue between Russia and Turkey that little matter of the Dardanelles.

I don't know Mr. Edwin Smith's politics nor those of Raymond Arthur Davies. Possibly they are Bricker Republicans. Anyway, if they say so, I will take their word for it.

Last year, the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship was keenly interested in American literature as exemplified by me. But this year, it has shifted its field to science and is currently engaged in denouncing our government's Baruch atomic control plan. This is a logically consistent position. But, what with recent trends in public opinion, the council is now somewhat out of fashion, both in politics and literature.

Seven non-Communist notables have recently resigned from its board of sponsors. They are Harold L. Ickes, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, Judge Learned Hand, William Batt, Senator Arthur Capper, Joe Baldwin, and Karl Compton.

The present importance of all this is that it showed me how effective a small but purposeful pressure group can be, after it first intrenches itself behind a protective barricade of busy celebrities as sponsors, who lend their names without pausing to examine the people who do the real work and their motives.

Who does not want friendship with Russia? But must we therefore import the communist technique of character assassination of all free critics, and respectabilize this with the blessing of Leverett Saltonstall?

Having been through this particular mud bath and watched the organizing technique at close range, I wonder how many times in the past my own thinking has been influenced, and my own judgments of men prejudiced by similar campaigns in this and other fields when I was not aware of it.

W. L. White.

New York, N. Y.

Is Teaching a Profession?

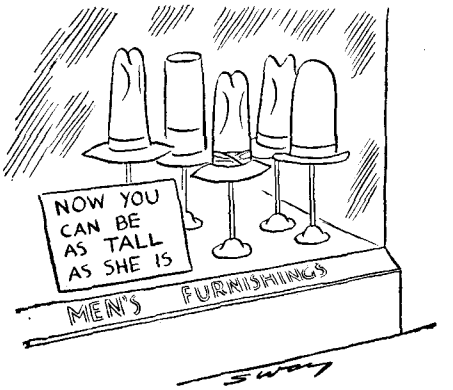
Sir: I have just reread your issue of September 14 on education.

It seems to me, as a teacher of many years' standing, that you miss a point there. You speak all the time of teachers' salaries, teachers' salaries—is that the only question?

In all the years I have taught I have never complained about my salary, modest as it was and is. My wife never complained about hers. What then keeps men out of the schools? And the women if they can get other jobs?

Please let me tell you. It is the fact that teaching is not a profession. We teachers have nothing to do with school policies or educational practice. We are robots, told what to do, and what not to do. No one ever asks our opinion even about our own work. In nearly thirty years, no one ever asked my opinion about any school policy, big or little. Any pick-and-shovel day laborer has far more control over his professional life than we have.

We have to shoulder the curse of discipline. The principals and superintendents simply and universally duck out from under as do the boards of education. I happen to have been lucky in discipline but I have seen plenty of teachers ruined by it (or the lack of it) and some, killed. They all suffer.



We have far too much outside activity to look after. I went back into the schools during the war. What irked me and finally got me down was not the teaching. Then what was it? It was the "home room" nuisance; collecting for this and that; student activities we had to handle: fuss and feathers that was not teaching.

Worse in the grammar schools. The old-fashioned principal was there because it was the path of least resistance. Instance: my wife had a principal for years who was an ignoramus; never read anything except an illustrated magazine now and then, and that in his office with his feet on the desk, hat on head; never budged when a lady came in to the office. Caught by the janitor fornicating with a sweetie in the basement. Janitor would do nothing after that. This "educator" was an Elk, Kiwanee, Methodist, etc., etc. My wife had a citation from the Sorbonne and an A.M. from the University. He had never been to college.

You can get all the good men you want in the schools—even in the grammar schools if you will make it a profession.

Cut down the size of the classes. A teacher in a preparatory school for Yale was telling me of the results they got. I was amazed. He said: "What is the size of your classes?" I said about thirty-five. "Ah, yes," he said, "mine never went over twelve!"

I taught in two New York high schools and in one of them no class was less than sixty boys. I didn't have sixty seats. In the other one I had so much extra-curricular work to do I just passed it up and came out West. Of course, in neither of them was I ever consulted at any time as to any practice, any method, any school philosophy, or anything at all, nor was any other teacher. We just toed the line.

American grammar and high schools are oligarchies, dictatorships, autocracies, or whatever you like, but not democracies. I taught in this high school here for eighteen years and not one of the men at any time ever had one word to say about any school practice.

And there you have it. If a teacher gets a black mark at the employment office at the state university he is *through*. Any irresponsible principal can mark a card "disloyal," and that finishes that teacher for keeps. No other principal will ever take a teacher with that card—though "disloyal" may mean that the teacher knew how to teach English or Latin or science, while the principal had never taught a day in his life.

Too many principalships, superintendencies, supervisorships come off the assembly line of politics. Not enough from successful teaching.

Now I'd like to teach in a school where I could just TEACH and not be badgered to death; and where I could respect my superiors. S. H.

The Millennium

Sir: I view with alarm a new and baffling kind of literary criticism being expounded today. This criticism counsels an author to stop writing and take a good long rest between books. If one is to believe this criticism, a good long rest, with not one word put down on paper, will automatically cure whatever it is that ails an author. Of course, one assumes that whatever it is that ails an author is in addition to the usual ailments he inherits as a member of the human race.

In the November 9 issue of *The Saturday Review*, Nathan L. Rothman, reviewing "When Boyhood Dreams Come True," by James T. Farrell, says that Mr. Farrell writes too much. A good long rest between books would do wonders for Mr. Farrell, suggests Mr. Rothman.

In the November 16 issue of *The Saturday Review* Mr. Rothman reviews "Blind Alley" by George Simenon. To my consternation, here, too, I read that Mr. Rothman thinks Mr. Simenon writes too much and that what Mr. Simenon needs is a good long rest between books.

Now, think what would happen if authors took Mr. Rothman's advice and had a good long rest between books.

Editors would have nothing to edit, publishers would have nothing to publish, reviewers would have nothing to review. Book salesmen would have nothing to sell, book stores would be unable to buy, readers would have nothing to read except unhygienic back numbers of magazines from second-hand stores and reprints. They might even be driven to reading the classics! Think, too, of Broadway—the theatres would be dark. Hollywood, too, would suffer—there would be no new books to make into films. The newsstands on the street corners would be bare of all those shiny magazines which make the sidewalks such brighter places.

Just think about it a minute, as I have, and you, too, will be appalled at the world Mr. Rothman wants us to inhabit.

Pauline Leader.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir or Madam

Sir: On the Letters page I note that G. E. Hora writes [Sept. 21]:

I would grant the Devil's kiss
To critics who call a Mrs. Miss.

Now, is G. E. Hora masculine, feminine, neuter, married, or unmarried? How should one know? May I add:

I would grant the treacherous Judas's kiss
To what signs neither Mr. nor Mrs. nor Miss.

I have often been embarrassed by this quandary, and I think that G. E. Hora should at least declare its sex.

Percy W. Cobb.

Sappington, Mo.

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The More Wilful Morley

SPIRIT LEVEL AND OTHER POEMS. By Christopher Morley. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1946. 52 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

MR. MORLEY reverses the custom of the strawberry vendor: he puts his choicest products underneath. With the exception of the first poem, one of the best, "Spirit Level" gets much better as it goes along, and could one make a selection from the later pieces, there would be, within the limits of the intention, little to express but praise. In the first part, however, the reader too often finds himself hating the sin though loving the sinner; in other words, being embarrassed that so pleasant a writer should at times seem almost to demand censure.

Light verse and *vers de société* are the only kinds of poetry in English, except for the romance forms, that require absolute conformance to pattern in rhyme, accent, line-length, and meter. Even Ogden Nash will violate a word to accommodate a rhyme. In any other mode of poetry the number of syllables may vary, the accent may be tossed hither and yon, and the rhymes may occasionally be imperfect. (I say *occasionally* because imperfect rhyme has become a fad of late—a new and more dreadful "poetic license.") These deviations from the norm are undesirable in light verse, the most surprising and gratifying effects of which are the nimble monkey-shines performed behind the bars.

The poems in the first part of "Spirit Level" abound in metrical infelicities and grating rhymes. I cannot, for example, get any verse at all out of such a line as "Understatements in green, lyrics of crag," which occurs in a five-stress iambic passage. *Adenoidal* and *yodel*, *Windsor* and *cleanser* strain the humor along with the sound. Inconsistency of line-length is a frequent affliction. Specifically it undoes an otherwise delightful poem, "Ballad of New York, New York," which goes back and forth between ballad meter and three-stress quatrains like the versification of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, a writer, by the way, of increasing and profound influence in current American poetry.

I deal with these faults not from the point of view of a metrist merely, but from that of the general reader, whose ear will at times be left unsatisfied and at times be disturbed.

Mr. Morley's wilfulness is the more noticeable because of the contrast in the poems he has more carefully

wrought. "For a Daughter's Wedding," four serious but not heavy stanzas, is beautiful. "Porpoises" is based on a most ingenious figure, the turning of a cogwheel—but alas! that pun on *Rotarians* in the last line! "Thank God that Total War/Created also Total Men" in "This is London" employs the proper finesse of *vers de société* for a dignified objective. There are several noble epigrams, such as

There is another atom to be split—
The fatal rivalry of sovereign states.

"Dollarbound" is an effective "social idyll." "Absentee" has merry possibilities, though it is strange to find the puritanical Madame de Maintenon, Jansenist, founder of St. Cyr, and pious inspirer of Racine at his dullest, described as a "Louis Quatorze tart"!

The best poems in the book are the "Episodes in the Arts," and I hope we shall see many more of these. I am not convinced that Rossetti's mistress would speak quite such broad Cockney—but then, neither was she a blessed damosel. One of the most telling pieces in this group is entitled "Fin de Siècle":

Said Toulouse-Lautrec to Felicien Rops,
"Old boy, I think your stuff is tops."

Said Felicien Rops to Toulouse-Lautrec,
"Yours is pretty good too, by heck."

Said Daumier,
"Their work's Grade-A,
But those boys ought to get out in the air
And not read so much Baudelaire."

Perhaps the reviewer may seem to be humorless himself in weighing so carefully the contents of a light-hearted book. However, the tradition of light verse is long and honorable, and Mr. Morley "can thoroughly enjoy the pepper when he pleases." The Victorians especially, men like Praed, Calverley, Gilbert, Holmes, and Carroll, set a standard that he can equal at the drop of a pun. It is only the gifted who have the power to disappoint.

Urbane Literature

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY. An Anthology of Civilized Writing. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 653 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

ANTHOLOGISTS have for some time been criticized for putting together bundles of short excerpts that are almost meaningless except to those who know the books they are taken from. The present tendency is happily to print fewer items and to print them whole. Mr. Louis Kronenberger has followed the new line in his anthology "The Pleasure of Their Company," which contains the whole of Voltaire's "Candide," Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Congreve's "Way of the World," Diderot's "Rameau's Nephew," and Henry James's "Washington Square," not to mention complete stories by Maupassant, Beerbohm, and Aldous Huxley.

The mere mention of these authors —the more so if we add Petronius, Lucian, Montaigne, Gibbon, Erasmus, Virginia Woolf, and E. M. Forster— does more than the title and subtitle of the anthology to indicate what Mr. Kronenberger is up to. What, after all, is "civilized writing"? Who would wish to buy an anthology of *uncivilized* writing? Perhaps *urbane* would have been the word to cover "that large literature inspired by worldly experience, or the comic sense of life, or the civilized point of view; that literature in which urbanity, irony, elegance, skepticism, sophistication, wit, play a leading part." It is the kind of literature Mr. Kronenberger likes and is well-equipped to expound. One regrets that his introduction is all too modest. It tells us little about urbane literature and by no means makes the strongest case for it.

The merit of "The Pleasure of Their Company" is that it contains nothing but first-rate works, many of which are nowadays hard to come by. It is a good book and, if it were also handy and cheap, would have a wide utility. What a pity to give it a bulky pre-war format and price it at five dollars!

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The American University Creator

DANIEL COIT GILMAN. By Abraham Flexner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 164 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CARL S. JOSLYN

MORE respect for the author's conception of his own work might have been shown when the publisher of this book described it as a "short biography" of the first president and builder of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Flexner tells us it was not his intention to write a biography at all. Why write a short biography when a full-length account of Gilman's life has long been available in Fabian Franklin's "The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman"?

This excellent little book is, rather, a work record—an ergography, if you will—of the man who, in the words of Dr. Flexner, created the American type of university. Before Gilman, the institutions called "universities" in this country were hardly more than glorified colleges. Their main job was the teaching of undergraduates and their faculties had little time to spare either for original research or for the training of young scholars. The young man who wanted to carry on advanced study under a master in his field had no course but to go to Europe, particularly to Germany, for his graduate training.

After Gilman, the American university without graduate departments for the training of young scholars or without facilities for members of its faculty to carry on research would not be regarded—indeed, would hardly dare think of itself—as worthy of the name. Practically all universities in this country today are, or aspire to be, centers for the advancement of learning as well as for its perpetuation to posterity. So far has the shift of emphasis gone that "productiveness" in research is often given more weight, both in the recruitment and in the advancement of teaching personnel, than is teaching ability itself.

That is a tremendous change for one man to have wrought in the field of higher education. We say "one man" for it was Gilman, and Gilman alone, who created at Johns Hopkins the new pattern for a university which was soon adopted at other institutions and has now become general. How was he able to do it?

First, Gilman had the vision to see that a need not being met by the American university of his time could be met, and could only be met, by a radically new conception of the university's functions. Second, he had the great good fortune to be given, at Johns Hopkins, the opportunity of building a new university instead of having to reconstruct one already in existence. Third, he had the boldness to propose, at his first meeting with the Johns Hopkins Board of Trustees, that the new university be set up at once as a full-fledged graduate school and research center instead of beginning with the traditional college. Fourth, he had the active and enlightened support of a board the members of which were big enough men to recognize administrative genius when they encountered it. Finally, he had a remarkable capacity for "sizing up" young scholars of great promise and the wisdom to allow them a free hand in developing their work.

No mere listing of factors can do justice, however, to Gilman's achievement or to Dr. Flexner's penetrating analysis of that achievement. One must read the book in order to appreciate the interplay of Gilman's abilities and the conditions in which they were exercised. And no one can come away from reading it without reflecting that the same vision, the same boldness, and the same wisdom that gave Daniel Coit Gilman the power to create the American university of today will be needed in the executive who, even now, may be creating the American university of tomorrow.

Super-Sophisticated Jeunes Filles

RUSTLE OF PETTICOATS. By Renée de Fontarce McCormick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 314 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IT ALL goes to show how difficult it is to repeat a triumph and how dangerous a thing a sequel can be. Renée de Fontarce McCormick's first novel, "Little Coquette," introduced a fascinating and decadent French household, one of the fabulous great families, the petit nobility, of late nineteenth-century France. Through Simone D'Entremont's childish eyes we beheld the amours, the self-indulgences, the glittering gaieties of a society whose sole pursuit was pleasure; an exquisite, mannered regime to whom nothing was immoral but vulgarity, and whose watchword was "Let us make as small a scandal as possible." It was a lively, witty, shocking exposé of the French haute monde, and Simone, mingling the attributes of the serpent and the dove, was a captivating character. In her second book, Mrs. McCormick follows the fortunes of Simone, now sixteen, and her friend Françoise, a year or so older; two jeunes filles who, presumably sheltered, chaperoned, and hedged about by all the restraints of a singularly inconsistent conventionality, still somehow manage to lead considerably less than circumspect lives.

These young ladies' pursuit of romance is indefatigable; they get themselves in and out of situations whose actualities and implications are appalling. But, whereas in "Little Coquette," the affaires and philosophies of the circle in which they move, as speculated upon by the child Simone, had a Rabelaisian zest and wit, the phosphorescent brilliance of a dissolute and highly artificial code, the romantic escapades of two young girls, especially those of the frankly nymphomaniac Françoise, seem rather more shocking than engaging.

Like many sequels, this book appears an obvious effort to outdo a former successful formula. But it is less carefully put together, less deftly organized. One can well believe that, as the jacket tells us, Mrs. McCormick wrote it "at an astounding speed, and in an almost illegible scrawl." The story covers the period of the First World War, and Simone and Françoise, whose immediate families are swept into the conflict (Simone's jovial Papa, that great lover, is always fighting at the front, and Françoise's mother engaged in hospital work) visit with various aunts, grandparents, and relatives at hotels, villas, and chateaux in the country, finally winding up at Papa's apartment in Paris, the proprieties satisfied by the chaperonage of a maid. Their governess, conveniently given to looking the other way, has left them. Simone is still a curious mixture of incredible naivete and worldly wisdom, both innocent and cynical, and, if one doesn't mind too much the winked-at juvenile delinquency of Françoise, this super-sophisticated version of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" will have its amusing and highly flavored moments.

As a picture of a fabulous way of life, of a society clinging to a fin de siècle elegant corruption. "Rustle of Petticoats" has undeniable piquancy and charm. But its candor skirts the edge of sensationalism; it lacks the subtlety and delicacy of Mrs. McCormick's first book. Just like any highly seasoned dish, here "a little more than a little is by much too much."

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Study in Dipsomania

BREAKDOWN. By Louis Paul. New York: Crown Publishers. 1946. 305 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE comparison is, of course, inevitable, between Mr. Paul's book about a hopeless alcoholic and "The Lost Weekend," and the real point of it is that Mr. Paul does not come off badly at all. He is not as fine a writer as Mr. Jackson; let us get that said and done with. "The Lost Weekend" is a small work of art. Mr. Paul's "Breakdown" is a first-rate job in documentary fiction. It is done in utter sincerity, in utter gravity of spirit. It is, in its purposes and its materials, so gripping a story that I must take refuge in a very stale phrase: I found it hard to put the book down.

Ellen Croy, unlike Jackson's Don Birnam, is a real and functioning member of society, a practising newspaper woman. (In this one sense anyway, her story is closer to us. By the time we met Birnam, he was lost deep in the labyrinth of the subconscious. Jackson's purposes were as artistic as they were social.) She is happily married, devoted to her adopted child, and more than fairly successful in her craft. Why then is she helplessly and hopelessly addicted to hard drinking? Why does she permit herself to slip, eyes open and watching all the time, over the brink of normal controls and into the morass of D.T.'s, breakdown, and blackout? There are missing pieces upon which the answer is stamped, and Mr. Paul pursues these pieces to where we know they must be found, buried where Ellen has wilfully buried them, in her fearful subconsciousness. There is a stretch of several chapters, in which a psychoanalyst works with Ellen in the attempt to lay bare the successive and receding layers of her past experience, which I found to be as exciting as the deductions of a brilliant detective.

It is a case, if you like, in which Mr. Paul trails his suspect with unfaltering realism, with clinical exactness, wherever she goes, through gaiety and stupor and violence, alcoholic ward and psychoanalysis and Alcoholics Anonymous. We do come at last upon the suggestion of possible hope, as personified by those remarkable Alcoholics Anonymous, who are like nothing so much as the ancient revivalists, the religious zealots hitting the sawdust trail, battling now not for souls but for shaken and faltering bodies. Mr. Paul's account of them is full and fascinating. Like the rest of his book, it is written in utmost sincerity, out of his passionate preoccupation with one of the great social ills of our day.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO WERE VERY SICK

The characters in this week's quiz had highly memorable illnesses. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each character and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 27.

1. On a slaving ship a thousand miles from land this priest struggled deliriously through a siege of yellow fever.
2. So ill of swamp fever that he was unable to talk, this persistent optimist feebly wrote "jolly" on a slate.
3. Murmuring the name of the only man she had ever loved, this lonely courtesan died, after a long and painful illness, of tuberculosis.
4. Dying of gangrenous infection in his leg on an African hunting trip, this author thought about his past.
5. After four days of steady drinking, this alcoholic imagined that he saw a mouse come out of a hole in the wall and a bat attack it.
6. Parted from her betrothed in their youth, she searched for him all over the nation and finally found him, an old man, dying of the plague in a Philadelphia almshouse.
7. In a hut in Tahiti, on the walls of which he had painted his masterpiece, this artist died of leprosy.
8. A victim of catalepsy, she was buried alive in the family vault by her twin brother.
9. After nursing her lover through the great plague of London, this beauty fell ill of the same disease.
10. The breathtaking beauty of this actress's face was horribly altered as she died of smallpox in a Paris hotel.

WHO'S RIGHT IN YUGOSLAVIA?

(*Continued from page* 12)

surrection? From Mihailovich's point of view, it was Tito and his fellow conspirators who were the real traitors, and I am sure that today the vast majority of the terrorized peoples of Yugoslavia would agree with him wholeheartedly.

Whereas Tito encouraged useless bloodshed and thus incited German reprisals, in order to force the survivors of burned-out villages to join his Soviet fifth column, Mihailovich did everything he could to protect the lives and homes of innocent civilians. Certainly, if our own leaders were justified in saving American lives, Mihailovich was even more justified in saving the lives of a smaller, weaker people who had already made more than their share of sacrifices for the Allied cause. Martin cites persuasive evidence to prove, however, that communist sympathizers in the British and American armies systematically falsified intelligence reports in order to conceal information either favorable to Mihailovich or unfavorable to Tito. Even more conclusive is his evidence that communist sympathizers in the BBC and OWI repeatedly accused Mihailovich of evil deeds which he did not commit and credited to Tito many battles won and many exploits of sabotage achieved by the Chetnik forces alone.

David Martin has made a noteworthy contribution to history by courageously telling so much of the truth that the Communists all but succeeded in permanently suppressing. Although he occasionally embroiders the exploits of the Chetniks to a point beyond my capacity to accept, his argument throughout is surprisingly well documented, given the many obstacles of secret diplomacy that blocked his dogged research at every point.

Only those persons who conceive of "democracy" in terms of thought control, concentration camps, mass trials, and an all-powerful police state will have any serious fault to find with his admirably sober defense of Mihailovich and the Serbian peasant soldiery who followed him—and the Anglo-Americans—until the shameful end. I sincerely believe that most readers of his book will agree with Rebecca West, who writes in her moving foreword:

> This man Mihailovich was a good man; and if, like David Martin, we are loyal to him, we take the side of good against evil.

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Seeing Things

THE UNBEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED

AS if the contemporary world were not reason enough, there is also "No Exit," * a new play by Jean-Paul Sartre, to make hell highly topical as a subject just now. M. Sartre's hell is quite a different place either from the hell to which life of recent years has exposed people everywhere, or that to which literature and the drama have accustomed us.

Tantalus, old and withered, standing in a pool up to his chin, and in his terrible thirst lapping at the water which disappears eternally just as he is about to moisten his parched lips. Sisyphus, his body arched everlastingly against a rock which he must push up a hill, only to find at the crest that it rolls down again and he must recommence his labors. Tityos, stretched on the earth, his giant hands powerless to move, as vultures on either side of him plunge their beaks into his flesh and pluck at his liver. These are among the classic images of the punishments of the damned. Ever since Odysseus looked upon them, they or their kind have haunted men's minds.

Dante added to these images his own longer catalogue of horrors in "The Divine Comedy." What is more, most of us are brought up even now to picture a Christian hell in terms of variations of these themes. Stoke the furnaces of Gehenna; add demons, pitchforks, and brimstone; but, above all, let the flames roar and include the agonies of eternal roasting, and you have some approximation of that hell of physical suffering in describing which hosts of ministers have not only exercised but demonstrated their fictional talents.

Why fictional talents? Because, as we are tempted to forget, the hell which the Thunderers of the Sawdust Trail have always loved to depict in every lurid detail as if they were travelers just returned from there, is hard to find in the Bible. Apparently as a notion, fearsome and corrective, it shared one, and only one, trait with Topsy. It "jes' growed."

It grew out of man's natural fears, out of his knowledge of pain, out of his conviction that Satan in his great power must exceed even man's inventiveness at cruelty. It came as an inheritance from, and an extension of, mythology. It blossomed by association, because Gehenna was a valley near Jerusalem used for the disposal of garbage.

To prevent disease, this refuse was burned, and constant flames flared there. The intellectual step connecting the disposal of garbage with the disposal of humans who, so to speak, were also refuse, was a simple one. The belief in purification through fire must be as old as fire itself. Hence the nostril-choking flames of Gehenna became almost inevitably for the imaginative the sulphurous flames of hell. But hell as it is usually pictured —hell as many people envisage it—is apochryphal. One of the most terrible reflections on man's nature is the torture he has been able to imagine in God's name.

No punishments known to Hades or "The Inferno," or dear to the traditionalists of the "Old-time Religion," are worse than the tortures to which the lost souls in M. Sartre's "No Exit" are condemned. M. Sartre's is a very special, post-Freudian, post-Briffault hell. In its choice of inmates and range of torments, it is French. It is French in its flavor, too; French in its intellectual agility; French because even in such sulphurous surroundings neither the eternal triangle nor "La Garçonne" has been forgotten. They have merely gone underground.

Yet Gallic as it is, it is more than that. It casts its oblique light on the thinking of a Europe wearied and ravaged by these past years. For this very reason it is comparable in its interest to a book so dubious in its detail, though evidently so valid in its general tone, as Curzio Malaparte's "Kaputt."

"The mind is its own place, and in itself / Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven," says Milton's Satan. M. Sartre's hell is free of active physical cruelties. It gets along without scourges, flames, or furnaces. No devils intrude, pitchforking the damned into the gaping bicuspids of a smoking "Hell-Mouth" as they did in the old Mystery plays. They do not have to. Beelzebub is already in full possession of the brains of the three lost souls in this intellectual guignol. The punishments with which M. Sartre appalls and intrigues us are all mental, a fact which does not lessen their pain.

The first misery suffered in his House of the Dead is claustrophobia. Hell, says one of his characters, is other people. It is also ourselves, because, in spite of what M. Sartre may preach as an Existentialist, as a dramatist he holds individuals accountable

—*Graphic House.*

"The evening 'No Exit' affords is not designed for those whose only demand of the theatre is that . . . it function as a nursery where adult kiddies can be left untroubled for an hour to play with toys which cannot hurt them."

*NO EXIT, a play by Jean-Paul Sartre, adapted from the French by Paul Bowles. Staged by John Huston. Setting by Frederick Kiesler. Produced by Herman Levin and Oliver Smith. With Claude Dauphin, Peter Kass, Annabella, and Ruth Ford. At the Biltmore Theatre.

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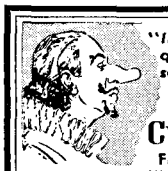
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for their own doom. His hell is likewise the fearsome fate of being compelled to live with two other unbearable persons in a small windowless room. Not only this, but also of seeking help in vain from these companions, and then being engulfed all over again in the same pattern of repeated meannesses.

The room into which M. Sartre's condemned are led by a satanic bellboy is a forbidding place. Had the devil been a stage designer, he could not have done a better job at exercising his spell than Frederick Kiesler has done for him. Mr. Kiesler's setting is an interior, ugly and out of joint. Yet it is more than this. Palpably it is meant to make self-destruction impossible. Though it is not one, it has the feeling of a padded cell and is as constricting as a straitjacket.

It is a tawdry living room seen in nightmarish terms. But it is also a dungeon, made the more unendurable because its furnishings do not confess its function. In spite of being lighted, there is in it something of that "darkness visible" which was seen after the Fall by Milton's Satan. This makes itself felt terribly, for example, at the moment when we learn that behind the curtains which promise a window, a view, and even some hope of escape, there are only imprisoning bricks where there should be glass.

The three people M. Sartre sentences to torturing one another with their obsessions and their memories are not a pretty trio. One of them is a Lesbian because of whom a girl has committed suicide. The second is an American nymphomaniac who has betrayed her husband and her lover. The third is not only a collaborationist, at one moment swaggering, at the next sniveling, but a sadist who has brought misery to his wife. What they undergo for an hour and a half in their shifting antagonisms and relationships is an anguish macabre and terrible, though nonetheless absorbing.

George Jean Nathan has wisely

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Brother François, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 2. Mark Tapley, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens. 3. Marguerite Gautier, in "Camille," by Alexandre Dumas. 4. Harry, in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," by Ernest Hemingway. 5. Don Birnam, in "The Lost Weekend," by Charles Jackson. 6. "Evangeline," by Henry W. Longfellow. 7. Charles Strickland, in "Moon and Sixpence," by Somerset Maugham. 8. Madeline, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Amber St. Clare, in "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. 10. "Nana," by Emile Zola.

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pointed out how much half-baked Wedekind and Strindberg there is in M. Sartre's script. Almost everyone who has seen "No Exit" has realized that during the last ten minutes the play drags and the attention wanders. Certainly, M. Sartre's play is not all it might and should be as a drama. For me, at least, it suffers, in addition to its own insufficiencies, because of the intermittent colloquialisms of Paul Bowles's translation.

Even so, I found "No Exit" one of the most interesting of the season's offerings. I, for one, would rather sit before it than a monthful of such shopworn fables as "The Fatal Weakness," "Happy Birthday," or "Present Laughter." At least it abandons the familiar stencils and grapples with an unusual idea. A mind is at work in it; a mind, alert, audacious and original, which has been touched by the agony of the modern world.

The evening "No Exit" affords is not designed for those whose only demand of the theatre is that it take over where the soap operas leave off; that it bolt its doors on the unpleasant; or that it function as a public nursery where adult kiddies can be left untroubled for an hour or so to play with toys which cannot hurt them. In spite of what is too special in them for the play's good, the sinners in "No Exit" can claim one radiant virtue. They shatter the ordinary formula. They supply playgoers with escape *from* escape, rather than escape itself. In the words of a man who, though royal, was not a Prince of Darkness, this is "a consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

Moreover, as adult theatre, M. Sartre's play has been given an adult production here. A certain fear of inviting the baneful siren of the Black Maria may at times inhibit the acting (as apparently it did not either in Paris or London). But the production has been sensitively and, for the most part, unflinchingly directed by John Huston. It is admirably acted by Peter Kass as the bellboy, Claude Dauphin as the collaborationist, and Annabella as the homosexual. As the frenzied American Ruth Ford has her excellent moments, too, though she lacks the fire Tallulah Bankhead would have brought to the part without any stoking.

Compared to the dreadful inferno which M. Sartre has conjured, the hell Mr. Shaw imagined in "Man and Superman" now seems a most innocent and healthy place. Being somewhat omnipotent of mind, Mr. Shaw naturally created a hell in his own image. He could not exile from it his wit, his wisdom, his positive convictions, his impudence, his genius at

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dialectics, the unorthodoxy of his spirit, or his shining goodness. The only sparks heating his hell were created by the incessant coruscations of his own intellect. Accordingly, no one suffered there except such dullards as cannot abide good talk. For G.B.S.'s hell was merely a meeting of the Fabian Society at which every member argued as brilliantly as only Mr. Shaw can. Conversationally, it was so stimulating a place that people from heaven were apt to drop in for "refreshers."

It had its drawbacks. It was full of musical amateurs. It was the haven of seekers after happiness, people who had no purpose and could not stand reality. This was sufficient reason to make it hell to Mr. Shaw, and to persuade his Don Juan to quit it for a heaven which was "the home of the masters of reality."

The debate, however, between Mr. Shaw's Devil as the spokesman for the Forces of Destruction and Don Juan as the champion of the Life-Force was so eloquent, intelligent, and diverting that, had its author written nothing else save this single, lengthy interlude, it could have served him as his passport to immortality.

It was in 1904 that Mr. Shaw wrote "Man and Superman," and spoke prophetically of man as a bungler in the arts of peace who, when he goes out to slay, carries with him "a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies." Since then two horrendous global wars have come and gone, and man, so proud of his civilization, has twice been compelled to mobilize all his strength to protect civilization by destroying it and stalking the earth like a mechanized barbarian. Since then Buchenwald and Dachau have shown us how gifted man can be in outdoing the devil of mythology in the realms of reality. Since then men, women, and children in target areas everywhere have faced agonies such as neither Homer nor Dante could dream of, and that Mr. Shaw did not foresee. In this age of the atom there are those eager to point out that we may face the fire and brimstone with which we were threatened by Isaiah and Jeremiah.

Small wonder, therefore, that the climate of M. Sartre's hell is less bearable than Mr. Shaw's. There are millions the world over just now who could argue from experience that the only old-fashioned feature of M. Sartre's violently disagreeable but fascinating play is that its author still believes hell belongs to the hereafter.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Editor's Note: *The closing of "No Exit" is announced for December 21.*

WANTED: NEW GODS

(Continued from page 8)

But perhaps the basic cause in the confusion of American taste is the revolution which has gradually taken place in our writing, out of which most of these other forces have arisen. For the objectivity of the English and the French, we have substituted the introspective, ponderous philosophies so dear to the minds of the German and the Russian. American writing grew up under the influence of such authors as Dickens, Thackeray, and in later times Galsworthy; from France came the influence of Merimeé, Daudet, De Maupassant. With all of these men, character, mood, story were vital. The heavy melancholy of Central and Eastern Europe was known to Western literature; but its effect was little apparent.

With the end of the First World War and the resulting chaos, disillusion crossed the Atlantic and seized the writers of America. They revolted, moreover, against the glib falsity of the typical magazine story and the studied trickiness of O. Henry. Many began to follow in the path of the Russians and the Germans. A few of these were artists who would give life and veracity to their creations, no matter what their method. But for every artist there were ten thousand counterfeits, poseurs and fumblers, who seized upon the new symbols of introspection and formlessness as an easy escape from their own incompetence. Little Turgenievs, Little Chekhovs, sprouted everywhere, like weeds along a country road. Like the Penitentes, or members of some curious sect of the Orient, they hung themselves in a frenzy of self-torture on handmade literary crosses; the self-analytical tears they shed would have watered the desert. All traces of the great masters they imitated were lost. But crying "Holy! Holy!," they clamored for recognition as the apostles of the only true religion.

They continued to clamor, with louder voices. They grew in number. And soon their theories, of obscurity, of diffuseness, of dulness, no longer recognizable at their source, often became a part of American technique. And as they increased their hold on writing, they seized on criticism as well. In their reviews they proclaimed that any production except their own floundering verbosities were slight and without meaning. The casual reader, from college professor to the iceman, was skeptical and wary; but hearing the same phrases repeated again and again, as with Hitler's lies, he ended by believing.

Their effect was particularly powerful on the Gloomy Generation, that unfortunate group who came to immaturity in the ten years of the thirties that formed the Great Depression. Surrounded by scenes of constant melancholy, with nothing ahead but potential disaster, like old ladies gone to California to die, they were easy prey for the Literary Penitentes, in all their various manifestations.

The devotees of these labored philosophies, as critics, have become chief of the Cynics of Olympus. Knowing nothing of America as a whole, they attempt the nation's interpretation. They are provincial as the little Boston cleaning woman I knew in my Harvard days, who remarked one morning: "You'll be glad to know there's another Southerner coming tomorrow." and when I asked from what part of the South he came, she answered quickly: "He's from Philadelphia." Yet their pronouncements are accepted by the poor housewife in Iowa and her sisters in Michigan and Colorado with the awed veneration given to oracles. In the same way that the cowboys I once knew in Arizona spent all their leisure reading Western stories, written by men who had never been out of sight of the Empire State Building.

Genuine humor that springs from deep understanding, lightness of touch that comes with subtlety, are anathema. The objective creator, whose creed is art for the sake of art, will find no admittance here. To the Cynics of Olympus beauty is a word no longer in the vocabulary.

We need a new set of gods, a new literary religion. For the present faith, a faith of petty and immature minds, contains the ferment of its own destruction. Literature, without beauty, will wither and die.

I have no illusions. To me the human race today seems probably beyond repair. But a few joys are still left us. We may be devastated tomorrow by one of those mad professors common to the movies, or some neighboring or interplanetary enemy. We may live in caves again, like shivering man in the age of the dinosaurs. But as long as there is a single human being left on earth who can open a book and sweep to heaven on its pages, or gaze at a beautiful painting and commune with the infinite, we may feel that civilization is still alive.

When these are no more, and art and beauty are ended, all is ended. For when we have lost beauty, we have lost the world.

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Murder and Mystery in 1946

JUDGE LYNCH

THE year 1946 won't go down in history as a banner one in the field of mystery. There were fewer crime novels published than in 1945 but the diminution in quantity was not noticeably balanced by a rise in quality. There were a number of newcomers, a few of them good, some others worth watching, and a lot who need not be remembered. There were two "trends" during the year: one mental, the other you might call physical. The "mental" trend was in the "psychological" sub-division, which includes the psychiatrical variety. This category produced the best and the worst stories of the year. One reader is hoping that this mental trend, having plummeted from zenith to nadir in a twelve-month, will now go home. Psychology, abnormal, criminal, or name-your-own-neurosis, will undoubtedly continue to play its part in murder yarns, but, please, no more ventures into necrophilia!

The "physical" trend was a matter of dollars and cents. The two-dollar mystery appears to be on its way out. The reason—production costs. But the increase to $2.50 is not general, by any means. Several well-known "lines" still hold to the time-honored two bucks. Others seem to have adopted a sliding, or, perhaps, preferential scale. Of the first three 1947 mysteries to reach the Judge two are $2, the other $2.50. They are all just about the same bulk. Two of them have "running heads" on each page, and are $2 each. The other dispenses with running heads, thereby saving space and paper, and is $2.50. It is, however, by a "name" author. But one of the $2 books is by a "name," too, with sixteen earlier books to the author's credit. It's all very interesting. A good mystery is worth $2.50: a poor one isn't worth two bits.

For the Judge's money "The Horizontal Man," by Helen Eustis, was the best murder story of the year. It represents the psychological school at its best. Crowding it for top honors, the Judge feels, is Charlotte Armstrong's "The Unsuspected" (Coward-McCann) and "The Pavilion," by Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster), both brewed, to a certain extent, from the same emotional ingredients as "The Horizontal Man." However, none of them is a detective story in the strict sense of the term. Very close to the top, also, were "The Dark Road," by Doris Miles Disney (Crime Club), "The Innocent Mrs. Duff," by Elizabeth Sanaxay Holding (Simon & Schuster), and "Ride the Pink Horse," by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Note that the women are at it, as usual.

The English contingent, although rather small, was, the Judge thought, better than usual. The best of the Britishers was Edmund Crispin with "Holy Disorders" (Lippincott) — his spring book—with his very recent "The Moving Toyshop" *almost* as good. Michael Innes also produced two stories, one the completely fantastic, and highly entertaining, "The Unsuspected Chasm" (Dodd, Mead), the other the "orthodox," according to Mr. Innes's publishers, "What Happened at Hazelwood," which shows what a delectable dish a really good writer can concoct from all the hoary clichés, characters, and situations in mysterydom, including the butler. About the only things Mr. Innes omitted were curare and a sinister Chinese. Among English names new to the Judge was Robert Player, who did a stunning job in "The Ingenious Mr. Stone" (Rinehart), and another new arrival from Albion, Margot Bennett. Her first 1946 offering, "Time To Change Hats" (Crime Club), was not cheered as heartily here as in other quarters, but "Away Went the Little Fish," Miss Bennett's December book, meets with the Judge's entire approval. Hercule Poirot did his stuff quite acceptably in "The Hollow" by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead), and Reggie Fortune, in "The Life Sentence," by H. C. Bailey (Crime Club), was in his best form for a long while. "My Late Wives" by the Amerenglish (courtesy, I think, of Mr. E. Queen) Carter Dickson produced a capital H.M. story in "My Late Wives" (Morrow). Mr. Dickson and his alter ego (or the other way round), John Dickson Carr, are always the summum of almost everything bonum in mysteries.

The cleverest murder story of the year was "Pick Your Victim," by Pat McGeer (Crime Club). You meet the murderer on the second page of the story but the murderee is a mystery until the next-to-the-last paragraph of the book—a new wrinkle and extremely well handled. The "puzzle" never gets dull. And speaking of the "puzzle" type of mystery story, that once popular variety has all but vanished. The battle of puzzle *vs.* personalities appears to have been won by the latter, with a few exceptions, mostly English. The *people* in the story are the thing. They must be convincing or likable, even though the plot has minor shortcomings.

SO far as detective personalities were concerned it was good to have Nero Wolfe back again in "The Silent Speaker," by Rex Stout (Viking), a yarn that deftly mixed murder and social satire. Another author who returned to the fold with one of the outstanding stories of the year was Marco Page, who, after eight years of Hollywood chores, took time out and wrote "The Shadowy Third" (Dodd, Mead), a capital tale with a musical background.

Among the new arrivals was a chap named Wilson Tucker who turned out the neat and tricky "The Chinese Doll" (Rinehart), which for cleverness of plot fell little short of "Pick Your Victim." Also new to the Judge were Lee Wilson whose prize-winning "The Deadly Dark" (Dodd-Mead), although its hero was a tragic figure, was among the most convincing and suspenseful stories of the year, and Alexander Irving who in "Bitter Ending" (Dodd-Mead) offered a new, entertainingly gruesome, and forthright variation on the medical college-hospital-doctor theme. And as a mixture of higher mathematics, physics, and murder "The Shade of Time," by David Duncan (Random House), had moments almost as thrilling as Van Dine's classic "The Bishop Murder Case."

The year produced a number of espionage and international intrigue stories—most of them pretty pallid beside factual narratives on these subjects. But there was one good one, "The Widow-Makers," by Michael Blankfort (Simon & Schuster), a post-war tale of the fascist worm-that-never-dieth, that, in spite of a little too much terminal chest-thumping, was full of excitement, suspense, and a special sort of humor.

The bumper crop of anthologies was considered in an earlier presentment —from which there was omitted one of the best of the year—the fat, frequently frolicsome, and satisfyingly ferocious "Murder Without Tears," factual and fictional tales of crime, including a bountiful slice of the Newgate Calendar, collected and edited by Will Cuppy (Sheridan House).

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
CHALIAPIN, Program of Songs. Compass C 52 (3 10″)	Characteristic Russian job, strangely "dead," often fuzzy. Bad peaks in voice, balance uneven.	C+	Russian folk music, some unaccompanied, some with orch. Ch. is tired and ineffective. Not at best in this type in any case.
BACH, CLAVIER CONCERTO IN D MINOR. A. Borowsky; Lamoureux Orch. Bigot. Vox 162 (2) $4.05	Close-to recording, in very "dead" studio; lacks spaciousness. (Note: Bach used small group, as here—but not in "dead" studio!)	B+ to A—	Imported recording. Piano is good, but string ensemble poor; playing often rough. Good tempi. Cf. Busch version. (*SRL* Nov. 16.)
FRENCH PIANO MUSIC. Gaby Casadesus. Vox 163 (4 10″) $5.	Some percussive notes, but nice over-all smoothness of tone; good bass.	B+ to A—	Unusually interesting collection, beautifully played. Various styles, early & late, are well kept. Essence of France!
ETUDES (piano). Jacob Gimpel. Vox 164 (4 10″) $5.	Similar to Casadesus album—satisfactory piano tone.	B+ to A—	From Bach to Toch—another interesting way to slice a cross-section. Not so coherent a program as Casadesus, but good contrasts.
OLD MUSIC BOX MELODIES. Bornand RB 1 (3 10″) $5. (*Bornand Mus. Box Rec. Co., Pelham 65, N. Y.*)	Recordings of an actual music box. Fine job, most realistic.—How about mechanical clock music, etc., by Haydn, Mozart *et al.?*	A—	Put out by serious specialists in music boxes—a delightful idea. Whale-sized music box, fancy waltzes, etc. (19th c.)

IF YOU MUST BUY

NOW that Christmas is past, you are no doubt chafing under the stringent restrictions suggested here two weeks ago as to new phonographs. If you must buy, here are some interim pointers.

Almost every ready-made combination, with or without FM, includes a record changer. It being so decreed, I suggest you investigate its pick-up carefully, since it is impossible to replace it with a different one, once you've bought the whole mechanism. (One more reason for avoiding changers!) It should be really lightweight. Lift the point with your finger; it should feel almost weightless. The permanent-needle (non-removable) pick-up is the best bet now, because in general it is more carefully made, has a wider range, makes less needle chatter. (The permanently inserted needle is smaller and lighter than the removable one; its lower inertia allows it to respond better to the higher frequencies—the faster vibrations.) As already suggested there are numerous new types of higher fidelity pick-up now appearing, but they will not be found on the present changers.

If you are ingenious you may be able to adapt a new wider range crystal cartridge to your old pick-up arm, even though it isn't designed for it. Be careful of excess weight and wrong tracking angles. It's far easier to do this of course if you have a non-changer system. I've just done so myself ($5.25) with considerable improvement in tone. (My pick-up was my weakest link.) If you have a magnetic pick-up you may have to make wiring changes to use a crystal. And keep in mind that the higher fidelity units give considerably less volume (voltage) than the standard ones. You'll have to turn your volume control up higher. Some of the fancier new types require a pre-amplifier to give enough output, as with a microphone.

Test the motor on your proposed machine for even speed. Some, even the best, run faster and faster as they warm up, which can be painful to a good ear.

For those who manage to hold out, the "Making Your Own" series will be continued—just as soon as there is anything available to do the making with.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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[2] Homeplate for everything musical imaginable.

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the Phoenix Nest

SNOWDREAM

WHERE blue stripes over sun-white snow,
Quiet along the cautious bars
Indigo-foot the rabbits go.

Brittle had bled the foot of the doe
Treading this keen-edged crust of stars
Where blue stripes over sun-white snow.

Surely hidden shadows know
How sometimes beauty beauty mars;
Indigo-foot the rabbits go.

Fragile the dust that sprinkles slow,
Wind-sifted through the cautious bars
Where blue stripes over sun-white snow.

Dry and brown, the grasses show
Through their spare covering of stars.
Indigo-foot the rabbits go.

By twos and twos, a rhythmic row
Of night on light, they leave their scars.
Where blue stripes over sun-white snow,
Indigo-foot the rabbits go.

FRANCES DEAN SMITH.

* * *

Re Thomas Paine, M. Elizabeth Clark of this city writes me:

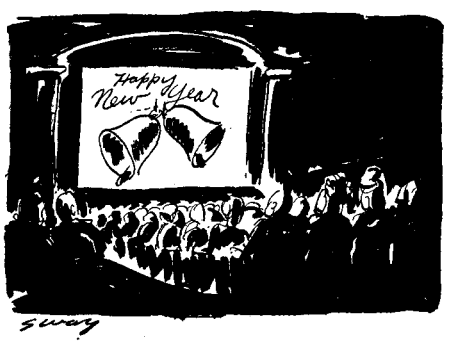
> May I make one small but important correction in the letter from Mr. Lewis regarding Thomas Paine (*SRL* Nov. 23). The "over-zealous admirer" who removed Paine's bones was William Cobbett (1763-1834), the famous English journalist of the Reform Movement. This act was a sincere attempt on the part of Cobbett to make amends for his earlier scurrilous pamphlet on Paine (Phila., 1796). In 1817, when Cobbett had fled to this country a second time to avoid imprisonment for his political writings and was living on Long Island, he determined to try to gain for Paine the honor he deserved—in England, if not here. For this purpose he took the bones to England on his return in 1818. It is true that he met with many obstacles, including ridicule, and it is also true that, although the bones were still in Cobbett's possession when he died in 1834, they later disappeared. However, it will be one of my concerns in completing my book on Cobbett and his relations with this country to find out, if possible, what finally happened to them.

I also wish to thank Walter H. Zeydel of Washington, D. C., who says:

> One sentence in this letter of Mr. Sears deserves comment. He says, "There is no stone in the local cemetery, for the location of Paine's grave is a mystery." The fact is, as far as we know, there is no grave. Van Wyck Brooks in his book, "The World of Washington Irving" says, on page 241, that Paine died in Greenwich Village in 1809, and his body was carried back to New Rochelle. No Christian graveyard would permit the interment of his remains, so they were buried in a hayfield. In 1819, William Cobbett, English and American political writer, dug up the coffin and took it to England. However, the same difficulty was met there and burial was not permitted. Thereupon, Cobbett kept the bones of Paine in his possession until they were lost. If my memory serves me correctly, I believe there is a marker in the house in Greenwich Village where Paine died, which I think is now a restaurant. Isn't it true that New Rochelle also relented sometime ago and restored citizenship to Paine?

Still on the subject of Tom Paine, Charles A. Brady of Kenmore, N. Y. submits:

> Mr. Lewis is as wrong about William Cobbett (the name, of course, is Cobbett, not Corbett, and Cobbet's blows in controversy were of the roundhouse variety, not at all like the dancing jabs of Gentleman Jim) as Howard Fast in the closing paragraphs of his novel, "Citizen Tom Paine." But in a different way. Fast, who cannot abide a Tory of any stripe, maligns him. Mr. Lewis calls him "an overzealous admirer," which is equally wide of the mark. What Cobbett was really up to in his reverential job of body-snatching was attempting to make an *amende honorable* for his former hostility to a man whose integrity he had come to respect, even though he continued to disagree violently with his ideas.
>
> For Cobbett, in his own way as doughty a fighter for liberty as his dear enemy, Paine, was a philosophic conservative of crusty genius, not the least of men in that queer line which includes Sam Johnson, Walter Scott, Burke in a sense, Hilaire Belloc, Gilbert Chesterton in his later phase, and Evelyn Waugh. Like Paine, though in not so eminent a degree, he had a connection with revolutionary America. He was also one of the most appealingly individual of English eccentrics, a capacious class which admits such odd fish as Lear and, in our day, the late Wing Commander Maurice Baring. Read G. K. C.'s treatment of Cobbett's courtship and marriage, a tenderly grotesque idyll for which no other parallel can be found than Dick Swiveller's chaste *affaire de coeur* with the Marchioness. (This virtually unknown biography is one of Chesterton's best things, by the way.) Though not a Catholic, Cobbett's writings on the English Reformation may be said to have launched the modern Catholic school among British historians.
>
> Since I subscribe to Chancellor More's dying wish on the scaffold, "May we all be merry together in heaven," I see no reason why the ringing defender of the Rights of Man and the bluff champion of the Ancient Charter may not long since have compounded their differences over a flagon of amaranthine ale.



* * *

POSITION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

I am opposed to institutions
Like: Sharpening Dull Resolutions.

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

* * *

Paul H. Oehser of Arlington, Virginia, has this to say on poets:

> In The Phoenix Nest of November 30 Mr. Lee Richard Hayman, of Cleveland, comments: "The dearth of response to a proposed survey of the nation's favorite living American poet is typical of the self-absorption of present-day 'poeticaphiles'." This, I think, is pure poppycock (*i.e.*, balderdash), and I'd like to add my own 2c worth, perhaps in the same category:
>
> It always gives my stomach about 1½ revolutions when someone asks me who is my favorite poet. If anyone can decide who his favorite poet is, I begin to suspect he doesn't know many to choose from. Lord, I have dozens of favorite poets! Some living and some dead. I have a favorite poet for every night of the week. When my eclectic spirit feels the need, say, of something like "Isaac and Archibald" or "Mr. Flood's Party of" or "Tristram," to whom do I go? Why, naturally, to Edwin Arlington Robinson, and he thereupon becomes my favorite poet for perhaps a fortnight. Then it may be that I need E. B. White or Samuel Hoffenstein or F. P. Adams, and when that necessity arises all other poets present and past (including Donne) cannot take the place of these most civilized gentlemen. If I am in the mood for some good songs and lyrics, maybe I take down W. H. Davies and begin to wonder if really there was ever anyone like that sublime hobo. Sometimes, even, I get so that I think my own stuff is pretty good, and who do you think then is my favorite poet? Edna St. Vincent Millay? Not by a long shot! I become in perfect sympathy then with William Dana Orcutt's sentiments ex-

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pressed not long ago in *The Christian Science Monitor*:

I like to quote the fragrant lines
of Keats,
And often am I caught by Shelley's tone,
But yet for clever thoughts and
quaint conceits
Give me some little lyric of my
own.

"Poeticaphiles," indeed! I say beware of him who has *a* favorite poet and let's not put poets in competition that way. Jeffers, Frost, Taggard, O. Nash, Millay, Ciardi, Speyer, MacLeish, Nathan, Neihardt, or whom have you? Let them all be favorites for whatever kind of poems they write best and for the varying needs of us poetry consumers.

* * *

FAVORITE POET BALLOT

A vote for Jeffers
Who never severs
Sound and sense, in Carmel.

Yet, at my back
I hear winged Mac-
Leish, and he's a marvel.

The first is candid
(Not sweets!) and branded
"Naughty! . . . Papa spank."

Archie was state-
Ly, but more late-
Ly, resumes his rank.

DAVID MORTON.

* * *

The last lines of that Clough poem seem to be haunting me! Recently for a small price I came into possession of a bound volume of *McClure's Magazine* (Volume VII June 1896 to October 1896.) It has in it the first-written of the Mowgli stories by Kipling, originally published in "Many Inventions," 1893; two Kipling poems, one "Cholera Camp" being less-well-known than others of his; a short story by Stephen Crane, another Civil War short story by Robert W. Chambers, and an article by E. Kay Robinson on "Kipling in India" (with photographs), Mr. Robinson having been a one-time editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore who had Kipling for his assistant editor. Now, on the page facing the Mowgli story is the poem "Come, Poet, Come!," by Arthur Hugh Clough, with a line in small type under the poem saying that it is taken from "Poems" by Arthur Hugh Clough; by permission of Macmillan Company. The last lines read as follows:

Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown.

. . . and a Happy New Year.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 666

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of or pertaining to a well.	21 158 144 60 66 109 16 187
B. Characterized by slender bodies and slight muscular development (Anthropol.).	102 18 129 156 58 139 90 31
C. Brazilian shrub with roundish, yellow fruit used for refreshing drinks.	143 103 98 28 110 166
D. Cry of warning of an overhead obstruction (U. S.; 2 wds.).	181 86 29 112 94 42 55 70 146
E. Ornamented by embossing, inlaying, engraving, as a watch case.	188 170 48 44 13 116 12 34
F. A potential cutting (Botany).	163 174 71 88 182 99
G. A church (Sp.).	39 106 119 159 9 154 164
H. Indian of a civilized Salishan tribe (British Columbia).	38 97 73 79 153 138 45
I. French statesman and economist, exponent of physiocrat doctrines (1727-81).	155 87 59 43 171 91
J. American illustrator, esp. of juveniles ("Rabbit Hill").	11 186 4 178 107 40
K. Always frolicking or playing.	185 67 147 113 51 160 131 82 56 77 35 176
L. An Encratite (Eccl. Hist.).	157 27 173 68 53 134 104 37 167
M. Devices for clearing a ship's path of underwater mines.	169 121 52 180 7 133
N. English robber and highwayman, become a legendary figure (1706-39).	96 132 63 118 22 108
O. A political oligarchical club (Athenian Hist.).	57 5 25 15 36 74 141
P. An endeavor.	114 145 61 76 125 10
Q. Title Kipling gave to his publisher, Frank N. Doubleday.	135 183 172 49 105 152 24
R. Having the properties of veins (Anat.).	179 92 46 33 85 123 126 100
S. A laced boot, ankle-high (Comp.).	101 81 127 150 75 2 6
T. Novel by George Meredith (with "The"; 1879).	130 14 151 168 20 117
U. Operator of a wireless telegraph instrument, as on a ship (Brit. Slang).	137 184 47 161 32 122 3
V. Unpolished (3 wds.).	30 78 93 41 8 165 177 26 80 65
W. Like a flag stopped in the middle (Naut.).	84 89 128 64 1 148
X. Execrable.	17 175 124 115 54 140 72 95 50
Y. Nickname for Oklahoma (2 wds.).	136 142 62 69 111 23 149 83 120 19 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 W	2 S	3 U		4 J	5 O		6 S	7 M	8 V
9 G	10 P	11 J	12 E		13 E	14 T	15 O	16 A	17 X	18 B	19 Y		20 T	21 A	22 N	23 Y
24 Q	25 O	26 V	27 L	28 C		29 D	30 V	31 B	32 U	33 R	34 E	35 K	36 O	37 L	38 H	
39 G	40 J		41 V	42 D	43 I	44 E		45 H	46 R	47 U	48 E	49 Q	50 X		51 K	52 M
53 L	54 X	55 D		56 K	57 O	58 B	59 I	60 A	61 P	62 Y	63 N	64 W		65 V	66 A	67 K
68 L	69 Y	70 D		71 F	72 X	73 H	74 O		75 S	76 P	77 K	78 V	79 H		80 V	81 S
82 K	83 Y		84 W	85 R	86 D	87 I	88 F		89 W	90 B	91 I	92 R		93 V	94 D	95 X
96 N	97 H		98 C	99 F	100 R		101 S	102 B	103 C	104 L	105 Q	106 G		107 J	108 N	
109 A	110 C	111 Y		112 D	113 K	114 P	115 X	116 E	117 T	118 N	119 G	120 Y	121 M	122 U		123 R
124 X		125 P	126 R	127 S	128 W	129 B	130 T	131 K	132 N	133 M	134 L	135 Q	136 Y	137 U		138 H
139 B	140 X		141 O	142 Y	143 C	144 A		145 P	146 D	147 K	148 W		149 Y	150 S	151 T	152 Q
	153 H	154 G	155 I	156 B		157 L	158 A	159 G		160 K	161 U	162 Y	163 F	164 G	165 V	166 C
167 L	168 T	169 M	170 E		171 I	172 Q		173 L	174 F	175 X		176 K	177 V	178 J	179 R	180 M
181 D		182 F	183 Q		184 U	185 K	186 J	187 A	188 E							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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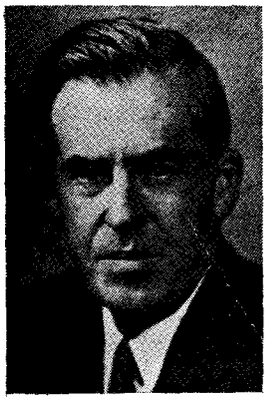

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